

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S MONUMENT.

FROM THE QUINCY (MASS.) PATRIOT.

A MONUMENT has just been placed in the Unitarian Church in this town to the memory of John Quincy Adams, by his son, Hon. C. F. Adams. It is composed of highly polished Italian marble, and in size and form very nearly resembles the one erected to the Ex-President John Adams, with the exception of the upper part, where the bust rests, which is enclosed on both sides by the upper members of the cornish, that sweeps upwards in graceful lines towards it. It was designed and executed at the Quincy Marble Works by McGrath, Mitchell and Co., and is beautiful and perfect in all its parts, and cannot fail to add much to the already wide extended reputation of the manufacturers for ability and faithfulness of executing their work. The bust, which rests upon the top, was executed in Italy by the great American sculptor, Hiram Powers, and is very perfect and life-like in its resemblance of the venerated statesman to whose memory it is erected. Immediately under the bust is a Latin sentence composed of two words, "Alteri Seculo," separated by an oak branch with two leaves and one acorn. The following is the inscription on the monument:

Near this place
Reposes all that could die of
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Son of John and Abigail (Smith) Adams,
Sixth President of the United States.
Born 11 July, 1767.
Amidst the storms of civil commotion
He nursed the vigor
Which nerves a Statesman and a Patriot,
And the faith
Which inspires a Christian.
For more than half a century,
Whenever his country called for his labors
In either hemisphere or in any capacity,
He never spared them in her cause.
On the twenty-fourth of December, 1814,
He signed the second Treaty with Great Britain,
Which restored peace within her borders;
On the twenty-third of February, 1848,
He closed sixteen years of eloquent defence
Of the lessons of his youth
By dying at his post
In her great National Council.
A son, worthy of his father;
A citizen, shedding glory on his country;
A scholar, ambitious to advance mankind,
This Christian sought to walk humbly
In the sight of his God.

Beside him lies
His partner for fifty years,
LOUISA CATHERINE,
Daughter of Joshua and Catherine (Nuth) Johnson.
Born 12 February, 1775,
Married 26 July, 1797,
Deceased 15 May, 1852,
Aged 77.

Living through many vicissitudes and under
high responsibilities,
As a Daughter, Wife and Mother,
She proved equal to all.
Dying she left to her family and her sex
The blessed remembrance
Of a "woman that feareth the Lord."

"HEREIN IS THAT SAYING TRUE, ONE SOWETH AND
ANOTHER REAPETH. I SENT YOU TO REAP
THAT WHEREON YE BESTOWED NO
LABOR. OTHER MEN LA-
BORED, AND YE ARE
ENTERED INTO THEIR
LABORS."

From the National Era

MAUD MULLER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from every tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ancles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a bright picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover brooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love and law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "it might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

NEW CANNON.—We understand that the new cannon invented by Dr. Church, and patented by that gentleman in connection with Mr. Goddard, is now undergoing a trial at one of the Government depots, with a view to its being brought into immediate use, if found to answer the purpose for which it is intended. The principal feature in the invention consists in the capability of the gun to discharge 300 balls continuously in an almost incredibly short space of time, an advantage which cannot be overrated should the war continue.—*Birmingham Gazette.*

From Chambers's Repository.

THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

A HUNDRED years hence, and you shall answer for this before God and me.' Such were among the last words of John Huss. They had led him out without the gates, to a pleasant and sunny meadow, in front of the city of Constance; and there, on a high summer-day, in the month of July of the year 1415, surrounded by all the pomp of nature—by that glorious sun which shines on the just and on the unjust—by those trees, and flowers, and flowing streams, which seem ever to be whispering but never telling the wondrous secrets with which they are charged, secrets which shall never be revealed till God himself shall justify his ways to man—he suffered cheerfully a cruel death, rather than renounce his long and dearly cherished faith. They could call him before their Council; they could give, and then violate a safe-conduct; they could throw him into a loathsome dungeon, washed by the waters of the Rhine, and fasten him even while he slept by a padlock to the wall; they could tear from off his body the priestly garments, and scrape from his nails the holy oil; they could crown him with a paper mitre, and inscribe thereon *Heresiarch*; they could deliver up his soul to Satan, while he meekly committed it to the Lord Jesus Christ; the emperor could seem as if he had washed his hands of blood-guiltiness, when he gave over the victim to his 'dear uncle,' the Count Palatine, to be dealt with after the manner of heretics; and he, in his turn, could hand him over to the mayor of the city, who delivered him to the executioners, who gave his ashes to the flowing Rhine: but they could not hinder bands of his faithful followers from singing, in muffled tone, the prophetic elegy 'His ashes will be scattered over every country; no river, no banks, will be able to retain them; and those whom the enemy thought to silence by death, thus sing and publish, in every place, that gospel which their persecutors thought to suppress.' They believed not then, what wise men in every age have proclaimed, but which is still little else than foolishness even to the men of this generation, that not more surely does the precious rain refresh and cause to spread the tender plant, than is the blood of the martyrs, whatever their faith, the most fructifying of all irrigation.

The sect known almost ever since the days of John Huss as the United Brethren, or the Moravian Brethren, are descendants of a people who, like to the Waldenses, never bowed beneath the Romish yoke, and trace their origin through the Greek Church to the

primitive age of Christianity. The Moravians, as a nation, embraced Christianity in the ninth century, and their tenets gradually spread into Bohemia. In the reign of the Emperor Charles IV., an attempt was made to introduce all the dogmas and usages of the Western Church. Prague was made an archbishopric; a university was founded; and the Italian professors enforced popish ceremonies, prohibited the marriage of the clergy, and denied the cup to the laity. Much persecution followed; but many faithful pastors boldly administered the ordinance in the same form as heretofore in private, and preached with great zeal; one of whom lived to such extreme old age, that he witnessed the formation of the Church of the United Brethren, thereby fulfilling a prophecy uttered by a banished disciple on his death-bed—that there should arise 'a small mean people, without sword or power, whom the adversary shall not be able to withstand, but that one only of their number should see it.'

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the writings of Wickliffe had penetrated even to the heart of Bohemia and Moravia, where the people, still mindful of their ancient religious liberty, felt their hearts burn within them as they read together by the wayside, or in their inner chambers, what seemed to them their own thoughts thus echoed back from a far distant land. The archbishop of Prague, who could not even read till he was raised to the see, and whose ignorance the people ridiculed in their songs, ordered the writings of Wickliffe to be burned in the court of his palace. Against this proceeding, Huss made a public protest; was accused of heresy, and excommunicated; which caused him, and his friend Jerome, only the more loudly to denounce the pope, who had promised remission of sins to all who would aid him in a crusade against the king of Naples and the two antipopes; for it was at this time that Christendom presented the strange spectacle of three infallible heads—a curious triple link in the chain of apostolical succession. The sellers of these indulgences were insulted by the citizens, which caused Prague to be laid under an interdict, and her churches closed. But Huss continued to preach to the multitudes in the villages and open fields, till at length he was summoned before the General Council of Constance, where he met that doom for which he had long been preparing. His followers were cast into prison, burned, or drowned. Hundreds of them were condemned to the deep mines of Kuttenberg. But from this army of martyrs there arose an army of warriors, who defended themselves with desperate bravery during the thirteen years in which raged the barbarous struggle called the Hussite War. No sooner, however, were they

at peace with their enemies, than divisions arose among themselves, and the Hussites became two great parties, called the Calixtines and the Taborites; the latter from *tabor*, in the Bohemian language, a camp. The Calixtines demanded no other reform than a participation in the cup for the laity; while the Taborites insisted on the abolition of every rite that seemed to foster superstition, sought to restore the purity and simplicity of the apostolic church, appealed to Scripture in everything, addressed each other as brethren and sisters, and ate at one common table. They held Baptism and the Lord's Supper to be the only ordinances instituted by Christ; their ministers were not allowed to hold property, but were maintained by voluntary contribution, and preaching formed the principal part of their worship. Such was the origin, and such the tenets and practices, which formed the nucleus of those now held by the great body called the Moravian Brethren. The king of Bohemia, although a Calixtine, granted them a district of country on the borders of Silesia and Moravia, where they were to have the free exercise of their own religious tenets, and where, in 1457, they first assumed the name of United Brethren, and many settlements were formed throughout Bohemia and Moravia. New and bitter persecutions arose, during an interval of which they made a translation of the Bible in Bohemian, which they got printed in Venice; and thus secured the distinction of being the first people in Europe who possessed a Bible in their own language. The sale was so rapid, that it was twice reprinted at Nuremberg; and the Brethren established three printing-offices in Bohemia and Moravia, which were long used solely for printing Bibles.

The oppressors of the Brethren were often so suddenly averted from their purpose—some of them dying as it seemed miraculously—that the hearts of the people were so stricken, it became a proverb among them: 'If any man is weary of life, he has only to persecute the Brethren.' In the face, therefore, of persecutions and afflictions, the Brethren mightily grew and prevailed. Many of the higher orders of the Calixtines, nobles, priests, and learned men, joined their ranks, while the party itself became nearly extinguished by most of the remainder re-entering the Romish Church; and early, in the sixteenth century, ere yet Luther had begun to send forth his voice of thunder, the Brethren could number as many as 200 regularly constituted Protestant churches. Erasmus, indeed, had already made attempts to improve the schools of science and theology, and the Brethren made an appeal to him to lift his testimony to the purity of their doctrine and apostleship; but, true from first to last to his character of

time-server, he dismissed them with fair and wary words: 'If you call one another brother and sister, I see no harm in it; would to God that this appellation, dictated by brotherly love, existed among Christians universally! and many other praises; but trembling for his worldly possessions and reputation, he bore no open testimony till the Brethren no longer stood in need of it.

Very different was their reception by Martin Luther, who declared himself 'much strengthened and animated by their conversation.' They urged on him the necessity of uniting strict discipline with soundness of doctrine; but he replied that things were yet in too immature a state, and that he must proceed slowly. The Brethren, however, ceased not to press him even to offence on this one point of discipline, notwithstanding of which Luther continued to live with them in constant union, and declared thus: 'Since the times of the Apostles, no Christians have appeared who have maintained a doctrine and practice more conformable to apostolic teaching than the United Brethren. Though they do not surpass us in purity of doctrine, since we teach every article by the Word of God alone, yet they far exceed us in the discipline by which they blessedly govern their churches; in this, we must confess, to the glory God and the truth, they are more commendable than ourselves.' The reaction, consequent on the first brilliant success of the Reformation, brought again persecution to the Brethren. The Emperor Charles V., and Ferdinand of Bohemia, took up arms against their Protestant subjects; and the Brethren were driven from their churches, the greater part of them emigrating into Poland, where, according to Paul Vergerius, once the pope's legate, afterwards a pious brother, in his preface to the Brethren's *Confession of Faith*, nearly forty churches were formed by them at this time.

Under the mild rule of Maximilian II., the Brethren of Bohemia and Moravia enjoyed the free exercise of their worship, and many of the emigrants returned. The Brethren were now to enjoy a long period of repose. They employed in confirming and spreading the churches, and in translating the Bible into the Bohemian from the original text, instead of formerly from the Latin vulgate.—This version appeared in six volumes, between the years 1579 and 1593. They also established colleges and seminaries of their own; and although too poor to provide fixed salaries, eminent men flocked to them as teachers and professors. Never had the church of the Brethren seemed so secure as on this the eve of its entire destruction. Since that memorable day when the blood of John Huss had become the seed of their church, it had spread and flourished with—for we need not say in

spite of—every persecution. So great was now their prosperity, that we find them relaxing in that discipline they had not only gloried in as the life of their church, but had sought to enforce on others; and their own historian, Commenius, pathetically laments “so much carnal security, not pleasing to pious souls, who feared its evil consequences.” They were slumbering on the edge of a precipice, and fearful was to be the awaking.

Maximilian II., early raised to the imperial purple, reigned long over the holy German Empire; and he died. Then there arose to rule after him Rodolph II.; and he died.—Then were the slumbering Brethren astounded by the news, that the papal court had be thought them of the ancient decrees of the Council of Trent, and now, in 1612, were about to enforce them on all Protestants. As men are always most given to the use of carnal weapons when they are awakened from a state of carnal security, the Brethren, after refusing allegiance to Ferdinand II., joined the other Protestants in acts of aggression. Now began the famous struggle called the Thirty Years’ War; and at the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, we find the other Protestant powers abandoning to their enemies, without one stipulation in their favor, these poor dispersed Brethren, who had first led the way to the Reformation then secured by that treaty.

The constitution of the ancient church of the Brethren, at that period suffering under a total eclipse, was at once simple and severe. Five or six bishops presided over the whole church, one of whom they elected their president. Each had two or three co-bishops, who were bound to keep secret their deliberations. The bishops were elected by the co-bishops and pastors, who wrote their votes, and sealed them up. When the person elected declared he regarded the call as divine, and accepted it, the whole assembly fell on their knees, and in this posture, the bishops having their hands on him, they chanted: “Come, Holy Spirit.” His colleagues then gave him the right hand of fellowship and the kiss of charity. The bishop was bound to visit his diocese once every year. General synods were held once in three or four years, to which the landed proprietors of the district were admitted as well as all the office-bearers. Special or diocesan synods were held for special matters, such as the election of a bishop. The pastors in their turn were chosen by the bishops, who also had the power of removing them. The pastor had under him deacons, who were his principal assistants and candidates for the ministry; also acolytes, young men trained for the service of the church. These boarded in the pastor’s house, assisted at all household work, and must conform rigidly to rules.—They could not buy anything, send letters,

lend or borrow, without the pastor’s consent. The pastor himself was supported by contributions, chiefly of food and other necessaries. Celibacy was not enjoined on, but generally observed by him, as leaving him freer in times of persecution. He could not travel without permission of the bishop, was always lodged by the Brethren, the acolytes washing his feet. He must report to his bishop every six months his own spiritual condition and that of his flock. Candidates for the ministry underwent three strict examinations, and after the last they all prepared themselves by fasting and prayer for the ordination, which was conducted with great solemnity, the whole assembly again on their knees chanting the hymn, “Come, Holy Spirit.” Each church was divided into three classes—the beginners, the advanced, and the perfect; the last choosing the elders. There were also female elders, who visited and exhorted the women. All worldly amusements, such as games and dancing, and all costly and gay apparel, were forbidden; disputes were settled, if possible, by arbitration. Marriage was not permitted without consent of parents and pastors: the ceremony very simple, and always public. Some of the Brethren only baptized adults, but the greater part adhered to infant baptism, and the duties of the sponsors were regarded as very solemn.

They set apart four days in the year for prayer and fasting, besides those for public calamities, the church’s troubles, and for hardened offenders, some abstaining wholly from food, others at least till evening. Of discipline, properly so called, there were three kinds: brotherly admonition, public reproof, and expulsion—the last resorted to with much sorrow and solemnity, the whole church saying “Amen” with many groans and tears. But there was nothing final in the sentence; the offender might still be a hearer at the door of the church, and his return to obedience was hailed with joy and love. Such was the ancient church of the Moravian Brethren.

In the year 1722, towards the close of spring, four plain wayfaring men, weary but not faint, with wayworn feet and drooping limbs, but eyes in whose mild flash could be discerned firm resolve and conquering patience, approached the mansion of Hénersdorf, the property of the pious Countess Gersdorf, the grandmother of the youthful Count Zinzendorf.

They had gone out, scarcely knowing whither: they had left house and friends in the enemy’s land; with wives and children, they had arisen at midnight, and wandered forth by cross-roads and over mountains, and reached in safety the sanctuary of Goerlitz, where they were gladly received by the pastor of the place. Having heard that ‘one Count Zin-

zendorf, a real Christian, had bought an estate in Upper Lusatia, where he had stationed a faithful pastor, named Rothe, and hoping there to find an asylum, the four men proceeded on their way, holding as they went the deep counsels of those who are sharers in misfortune and sharers in hope. The most remarkable of these men was Christian David, a native of Senfleben, in Moravia. In his youth, a tender of cows and sheep, afterwards a carpenter, he had eagerly listened to the singing and praying, night and day, of some imprisoned friends. He had been a zealous papist, and had not yet seen a Bible, but obtaining possession of one, it became his constant study; his conversation was purely biblical, and he learned to write from it, forming a set of letters peculiar to himself. He entered the Lutheran Church, but not being satisfied with it, and having met with the pastor of Goerlitz and other enlightened men, he joined himself to them, and afterwards travelled from place to place preaching the Gospel. Two of the others were the Brothers Neisser, dwellers in the Zauchtenthal, who with others in the valley had been stirred and gladdened by an old soldier, who was wont to come and seat himself under their porches, singing hymns and repeating the Scriptures. Christian David in his wanderings came hither also; they resolved to go forth together, for the spread as well as the peaceful enjoyment of the faith, and in after-years the Brethren used to praise God for his marvellous works, in that a begging-soldier had begun, and a humble artisan carried on, so glorious a revival.

The countess having often been deceived by impostors, at first received the pilgrims coldly, but afterwards agreed to send them to Rothe, the pastor of Bertholdsdorf, a village belonging to the young count, two miles off, whose steward in his absence assigned them a settlement near the village on the declivity of the Hutberg, on the great road from Loebau to Zittau, a wild marshy spot covered with brushwood. When the wife of Augustin Neisser first saw it, she exclaimed; 'Where shall we find bread in this wilderness?' She was answered in a solemn tone: 'If you believe, you shall in this place see the glory of God.' Christian David then took his axe, struck the nearest tree, and said: 'Here the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow her nest; even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts!' Space being cleared, on the 17th of June the pilgrims repaired to the forest, and cut down the first tree for the first house; and on the spot where this tree stood, a stone monument has since been raised in memory of the event. The wood was brought to the place in boats; they were derided by the passers-by; they were so weak from fatigue and poor food, and oftentimes so faint in spirit, they seemed to

themselves like children building houses with cards; it was only after three weeks' labor they obtained water; but they ceased not to animate each other, and to commune of Abraham, who had gone forth alone into a strange land, and God had made of him a great nation, and a blessing to all peoples. The house was completed in August; and in October, the three Brethren and their families entered it. The pastor at Bertholdsdorf, in his discourse on the occasion, used these words; 'God will one day kindle a light upon these hills, which shall enlighten the whole country; of this I am assured by a living faith.' Count Zinzendorf also addressed his tenantry, and commended the Brethren to their Christian care and kindness. Such is the history of the early foundation of the immense settlement of Herrnbuth (*the watch of the Lord*), in Upper Lusatia, the first-fruits of a revival destined to spread over many lands. A great revival had at the same time taken place at Fulneck, in Moravia, where Comenius had anciently been pastor; and in two different districts in Bohemia not only without concert, but each in total ignorance of what was going on amongst the others.

Nicholas Lewis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf; Lord of the Baronies of Freydeck, Schöneck, Thünnstein, and the Vale of Wachovia; Lord of the Manor of Upper, Middle, and Lower Bertholdsdorf; Hereditary Warden of the Chase to his Imperial Roman Majesty, in the Duchy of Austria, below the Enns; and at one time Aulic and Justicial Councillor to the Elector of Saxony—of one or other of which titles he made use when it seemed expedient for him to travel or labor incognito—was born at Dresden, 26th May 1700. As far back as the eleventh century, the family of Zinzendorf formed one of the twelve noble houses, the chief supports of the Austrian dynasty. From the count to Ehrenhold, the founder, were reckoned twenty-two generations. In 1552, the family embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, to which they rendered military as well as civil services; and in the time of the Emperor Rodolph II., there were found on the estates of the family four flourishing Protestant congregations, duly provided with pastors. The motto of the house was: 'I yield to no one, not even to the whole world.' The grandfather of the count emigrated to Oberberg, near Nuremberg, thus obtaining that liberty of conscience which he valued more highly than all his lands. His son, the count's father, entered the service of the Elector of Saxony, and died at Dresden in 1700, six weeks after the birth of the count. Four years afterwards, his mother having been remarried to a field-marshal of the Prussian army, he was placed under the care of his grandmother, formerly mentioned, and he used

frequently to say, that it was to her early instilling into his mind the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel, to associating with the pious persons who visited her, and to the constant reading of the Bible and the works of Luther, he was indebted for the loss of all relish for anything but the doctrine of Jesus Christ, his merits and sufferings.

As was the custom in his family, it was intended he should be devoted to state affairs. His bodily constitution was delicate until after he was twenty-one. He was lively and volatile, and learned to read slowly; but showed an extensive capacity, conceived clear ideas, and formed opinions by weighing and comparing things. He was sometimes irascible and impetuous. Of himself he writes thus: "My genius was simple, but natural; my memory retentive, with a mind more lively than phlegmatic; a disposition sufficiently calm to weigh the reasons of a thing; originality of ideas, which might have been more productive had I been less scrupulous; an inclination to grave subjects; and a love of the truth, which moderated even my propensity to poetize." When yet a child, he described himself as deeply affected by the thought of God becoming man; of Christ being our brother, and dying for us; that when he had pen, ink, and paper, he would write notes to his beloved Saviour, and throw them out at the window, in hopes he might find them; that his covenant was: "Be thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be thine," and this he often renewed: that when left alone, he often spoke of him to the chairs he had playfully collected; and that he shed abundance of tears when he thought of what his Saviour had done for him. When looking back on this period towards the close of his life, he says: "Thus for more than fifty years I have conversed as it were personally with the Saviour, spoken to him for hours together, like one friend to another." One biographer says, there was something so extraordinary in the expression and appearance of the child, that pious and distinguished men felt impelled to give him their blessing, and even sent the same in their letters. He early showed a fondness of doing good to others; even in his sixth year giving away the money he had received. It deeply pained him when unable to assist the necessitous, and nothing was ever of value to him, if another needed it more; he gave in so pleasing a manner, as to render it still more welcome; he was passionately attached to those who assisted and benefited him, and his gratitude knew no bounds.

In his eleventh year, he was placed in one of the institutions of the celebrated Professor Francke, at Halle. In his sixteenth year, he could deliver a Greek oration; and extemporize a Latin speech on a given subject. In

Hebrew he had no success; but was so expert in versifying, that he composed quicker than he could write. Of his companions, he says: "I was upheld by a power they knew not, and not only preserved from their snares, but more than once prevailed with those that sought to seduce me to join me in prayer, and won them over to Christ." On leaving Halle, in 1716, it was found he had established no less than seven societies for religious purposes, the result of prayer-meetings he had early held. Five young men of noble rank were conspicuous in these, and closely united; the two most remarkable being the Baron Frederick von Watteville and Zinzendorf, both destined by their friends for the service of the state, but in reality to be fellow-workers through life in that cause they regarded above all others, and to which they were thus early devoted. In 1715, these two youths formed a sort of covenant together for the conversion of the heathen; and however widely men may differ, either as to end or means, none can deny that these young covenant-makers were anything but covenant-breakers. Zinzendorf devoted his spare hours to his favorite study of theology; but, as he was enjoined, with a view to the future, paid strict attention to that of law, and the knowledge he thus acquired proved of signal use in managing the affairs of the Brethren.

On leaving Halle, having been urged by his friends to travel, he first visited Holland, and then France. At Paris, he was beset by many temptations—one party trying to corrupt his morals, another attacking his religion; by which, and everything that befel him, he gained much experience. He had frequent intercourse with many of the clergy, especially with the excellent Father de la Tour, and the Cardinal de Noailles; with the latter, however, although "much united in heart," he came to an entire breach, in consequence of the cardinal's acceptance of the Constitution *Unigenitus*; and the count brought himself into trouble by his zeal for the appealing bishops, being nearly poisoned by one of their enemies, the marks of which he is said to have retained in his face throughout life. He was here given to feel that pride was not subdued within him, for he felt so mortified at not having been received with due distinction at court, that he complained of it to the court-chamberlain. Soon, however, he despised himself for this, and "threw himself at the Lord's feet, and besought his grace and forgiveness with many tears." Here he met with a brother of his friend Von Watteville, who says: "I loved the world; Zinzendorf took no pleasure in it. He conducted me to cardinals and bishops; I could not persuade him to go to a single opera." The count gave his testimony, that here he found many among the great, and

where he had least expected, to whom he could speak of the grace and goodness of his Saviour; and adds: "The world knew not what to make of me; many reported me to be a pietist, whereas they to whom this name was given would not let me pass for one."

He seems to have been largely tolerant, and much edified by the society and preaching of the clergy, mentioning with especial approbation a sermon he heard from a Dominican monk. He concludes: "I must, generally speaking, admire the sincerity of the Catholics of this country." Towards the end of his stay, he became so ill that his first and dearest thought was that God would take him to Himself. He says: "I hoped to have been received into everlasting habitations; at the same time, I heartily thank my Creator for his innumerable benefits, which I reverentially admire."

In 1720, he returned to Germany, and became tenderly attached to his cousin, the young Countess Theodora, to whom he offered himself; but before a betrothal had been proposed he discovered that his friend Count Henry de Reuss was deeply in love with her, and she being not disinclined to him, the Count generously gave her up, though it cost him a severe struggle. The wish he had often expressed to devote himself to the ministry, now became stronger than ever, and it was after much repugnance and deliberation, and many tears, that he yielded to the wishes of his relatives, and accepted of a seat in the government at Dresden, where he was soon appointed aulic and justicial councillor. His legal powers he chiefly exerted in preventing lawsuits or expediting them; he pursued, also, his chief object of preaching; and issued a periodical work, called *The Dresden Socrates*, in which he exposed the vices and follies of the age, but afterwards declared his zeal had exceeded the bounds of discretion. In 1721, being now of age, he purchased the manor of Bertholdsdorf, and there built a house, which he named Bethel, and inscribed over the entrance:—

"As guests we only here remain;
And hence this house is slight and plain.
Therefore, 'turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners
of hope!"
We have a better house above.
And there we fix our warmest love."

On the 17th of September, 1722, he married a sister of his friend Count Reuss, for whom he had sacrificed his first attachment, and visited for the first time, with her, at Christmas of the following year, his estates in Upper Lusatia; on reaching which, and seeing in the wild wood the house raised by the poor brethren, he joyfully entered it, and wel-

comed them, falling on his knees and giving thanks to God. There were now associated for the work four, called "The United Brethren," of whom, from 1723 to 1727, a history in manuscript exists. These were the pastor Rothe, of Bertholdsdorf, a man of "incomparable talents and profound learning," of whom the count says: "Rothe preached with great power; he seemed as if he would exhaust every subject, and collect together a treasure of comfort against the evil times coming upon the church. The lowest peasant understood him, and the greatest philosopher heard him with attention and respect; no one was ever weary." Scheffer, the pastor of Goerlitz, "a faithful preacher, who had suffered much reproach," was another. Also the Baron Von Watteville, who had gone to Paris, where "the vanities of the world had made him almost an infidel," but who had been brought to repentance and a sense of his condition when on a visit to the count. And lastly, the Count himself, who became Rothe's assistant and catechist. After sermon, Rothe conversed in church with the hearers, when all were at liberty to give their sentiments or ask questions. The Count then "edified those present with pleasing hymns or verses appropriate to the subject. Sometimes, one Tobias Friedrich, who had a peculiar talent for music, performed on the organ." From this time arose the custom, still existing among the brethren, of the leader giving out a succession of hymns from an order of subjects, the singers passing insensibly from one melody to another. On leaving the church, the hearers assembled in the mansion of the Count, who repeated the sermon in presence of the clergymen, he or any one else making additions. The Count, besides, acted as chief magistrate of Bertholdsdorf, with punctuality, kindness, and authority, in spite of his dislike to worldly business. Of the rules which governed him, he says: "A man ought to look to God himself, in order to see how he governs the world, and learn from him how to govern, whether he have little or much to superintend. With offenders he had great patience; so long as they did not draw away others; and he considered that nothing but hypocrisy and misery resulted when rulers exerted their power in matters of conscience. These four brethren directed their efforts to preaching with simplicity and power, sinking minor points; to advancing the gospel in foreign parts; to the printing and circulating of religious works at a cheap rate; and to the establishment of schools for general as well as religious education. They furnished the sum of 1500 rix dollars for the erection of a large building, to contain a school for young persons of noble families; a bookseller's shop for the sale of their own publications; and a dis-

pensary, to furnish the poor with medicines. Their words were: "This building is begun in the faith of the living God, who never refuses anything that his saints agree to ask of him." Before the foundation-stone of the new building was laid, there was an important accession to the number of the brethren.

Early in the year 1723, while employed in flooring the Count's house, Christian David had left his axe and his rule, and even his hat, and set out on a journey into Moravia, and again appeared in the Zauchtenthal, and the districts around, preaching with much "life and savor;" and a great revival took place, more than one hundred and fifty persons sometimes assembling to hear him, though their meetings were forbidden under grievous fines, and even corporal punishment. Once, on being surprised by the enemy, they began to sing Luther's celebrated hymn; and on silence being demanded by the officer, they repeated the verse beginning—

"If the whole world with devils swarmed,
That threatened us to swallow,"

a second and even a third time; which is said so to have struck him with such terror that he fled, leaving behind him the books he had collected. Among the greatest sufferers in the punishments which followed were the Nitschmanns and Schneiders; but none would cease to listen to the "bush-preacher," as their enemies called Christian David. From chains and misery, we are told, "the Lord almost miraculously opened a way for their escape," and a new emigration was the consequence. On the 12th of May, 1724—a day that Zinzendorf was wont to call *the critical day*—as the Brethren were assembled to lay the foundation of the new establishment, five weary travellers slowly wended their way towards them, three of whom bore the name of Nitschmann, afterwards so conspicuous in the history of their church. They were so moved by the scene they now witnessed, that they said: "This is the house of God; here we will take up our abode." The count delivered a discourse, and Watteville fell on his knees on the foundation-stone, and "poured out such a fervent prayer, that the count often declared he never had heard anything so moving, and that he thence dated the rich effusion of divine grace bestowed on the Brethren." The singing of the *Te Deum* closed the ceremony. Watteville had placed under the stone all his remaining jewels, especially a ring that had passed seven times through the fire, in token that the vanity of the world was now buried. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the countess said to Watteville: "You have promised much; if one-half is fulfilled, it will be beyond our expectations. Fresh immigrants were now constantly arriving, and

were employed in the erection of the building, to which dwelling-houses were added from time to time. The following year the institution for young noblemen was opened; and the hall of the building was, for thirty-two years, used as a place of meeting for the church of Herrnhut. The count always received the new-comers coldly, until they gave such evidence as he required of their spiritual state, fearing lest temporal motives should have lured them hither; and it was contrary to his desire that any of the Brethren returned to visit their kindred, and tell them of the peace and freedom they might enjoy if they would arise and follow them; for, with all his enthusiasm and desire for the spread of his own doctrines, he was too sagacious not to see that the rapid growth of the settlement of Herrnhut would only hasten the persecution it was sure, sooner or later, to provoke. The five newly arrived Brethren became the means of restoring the discipline of the ancient church, which they had received by tradition from their fathers, a subject which had as yet met with little attention in the rising colony. The count, indeed, always clung to the hope of a union with the Lutherans—a project in which he scarcely received any support from the Brethren. Many Lutherans had now come to the settlement; and in the year 1727, it contained about 300 brethren and sisters, one-half being Moravian exiles. Many dissensions followed, which seemed very grievous to the count; but he succeeded in arranging them all, and drew up, with the assistance of Rothe and others, a set of regulations, called *Statutes of the Congregation*, by which the Brethren reserved to themselves their Christian liberty, and everything held by the ancient church; but agreed to make use of the Lutheran liturgy. All having signed this deed, they then proceeded to matters of discipline: first electing twelve elders, who were to choose from among themselves, always by lot, four for the administration of affairs, at the first choice of whom it seemed to the Brethren as if a miracle had been wrought. The first lot fell on Christian David; the second, on John Nitschmann, the oldest man at Herrnhut; the third, on C. Hoffmann, also very aged; the fourth, on Melchior Nitschmann, for whom, on account of his extreme youth (he being only twenty-five), the lot was cast three times, "and as often his name was returned; so that the church, filled with astonishment, could make no further objection." The count was made warden of the congregation, with Watteville for an associate. At meetings, called "conferences of the elders," when any matter continued doubtful to them, they invariably appealed to the lot, holding that decisive as to the will of God. Soon after the 'constitution' was signed, and harmony restored, we are told "there was a

wonderful effusion of the Spirit on this happy church, when the measure of divine grace seemed absolutely overflowing." Ten solemn services were held in one day. Schwedler, the pastor of Niederwiese — who had been known to preach from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon, and even longer in his own parish, sometimes beginning the service at five or six in the morning, and only pausing while there was a change in the auditory, and singing some verses of a hymn — preached on this occasion at Bertholdsdorf, where the crowd was so great, that Rothe preached at the same time to more than 1,000 hearers in the graveyard. Other services of the same nature followed; then the count held three meetings in the great hall; after which another for conversation on the services of the day. Soon after this the count, Christian David, and about fourteen of the Brethren, spent the whole night in visiting the people, and held a numerous prayer-meeting on the Hutberg at midnight. On the following Sunday, the pastor Rothe, in the midst of the assembly of Herrnhut, "was seized with an unusual impulse, threw himself on his knees before God, and the whole assembly prostrated themselves under the same emotion. An uninterrupted course of singing and prayer, weeping and supplication, continued till midnight; all hearts were united in love." At the same time, we are told, "a constant work of God was going on in the minds of the children. A meeting was held, which was very much blessed; and one night, from six to one in the morning, the Hutberg resounded with the prayers and singing of the young females in the neighborhood, and all were much delighted. At the same time, the boys assembled for prayer in other places. No words can express the powerful operation of the Holy Spirit upon these children."

Quite corresponding to this is the account of Zinzendorf's own family. He was the father of twelve children, nine of whom died in infancy or early youth. Of one we are told: "Before she was quite twelve months old, she could speak with some fluency, and sing the principal tunes in the Brethren's collection. When seized with her last sickness, she began to sing the hymn used for children, for it is the custom of the Brethren to sing around each other's death-beds:

Take me to thy rest divine;
Rock me, Saviour, I am thine;

and on the day of her death, while her father was singing —

Freely to thee my spirit yields
This infant, dearest Lord

the child rendered up her spirit to God, aged

two years and six weeks." Again: "When another child was dying, and his sister was weeping, her little brother of four and a half asked her why she wept. 'Because my brother is dying.' 'O no,' said he; 'he is not dying, though they say so; it is only his misery that is dying.'" Anecdotes of a like nature are also recounted of some of his other children.

The rapid rise of the settlement of Herrnhut had now excited so much attention, that it was no uncommon thing for fifty letters to be received by different Brethren in one day, asking information regarding it. Many persons, some of high rank, flocked to visit it. — The Brethren began to send deputations to every Protestant land in Europe—the first of a systematic course of itinerancy. For the sake of avoiding persecution and evil reports, a few of the Brethren desired that their church should be embodied in the Lutheran. The count, president of the church, and lord of the manor, threw the whole weight of his opinion on the side of union, to which were opposed the vast majority of the Brethren, amounting to nearly 600. As usual, the lot must decide. In the urn were placed two notes, on one of which was written, "To them that are without law, as without law," etc.; and on the other, "Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions," etc. After prayers made, a child of the count under four being fixed on, drew out the latter note, on which there was much rejoicing—all submitting as to a decree of God, the count himself delivering a powerful discourse on the occasion. Some new arrangements as to the election of elders was made about this time, and a remarkable nomination among the female elders, that of Anna Nitschmann, then only fifteen, the sister of Melchior, the judgment being also confirmed by lot. She gained her living by spinning wool, and led a peaceful life, often spending most of the day and night in prayer. The following year she was raised to the office of chief elderess over all the sisters, and entered into a solemn agreement, together with eighteen others, "not to listen to any proposal of marriage on worldly principles, or contrary to the discipline of a true church of Christ."

In 1731, the attention of government had been called to the spread of the settlement of Herrnhut, and it seemed now threatened with extinction. A Jesuit missionary was the first to publish a pamphlet against it, called *An Account of a New Sect, just Established in Upper Lusatia and Silesia*. Some of the Brethren, contrary to the count's wishes, replied to it; and the count at length found himself obliged to publish his *First Public Declaration against his Adversaries*. The court of Saxony ordered a formal inquiry to be made, the result of which was at first favorable to the

Brethren; but fresh immigrations, and some indiscretions among the more zealous, again awakened the jealousy of Saxony, and the count was ordered to sell his estates and depart. Foreseeing the coming storm, he had begun to convey over his property to his wife; resigned his civil offices at Dresden; and fully resolved to give himself wholly to the ministry, in 1734, under his title of Freydeck, he presented himself for examination to the theological faculty of Stralsund; became a tutor in the family of a rich merchant, who afterwards became a brother and zealous missionary; and was shewn the plan of a work preparing against himself, whose author acknowledged he had never read his writings. The count soon after made himself known to all; was received with favor by the professors; and ordained a preacher at Tubingen. On his way back to Herrnhut, he was met by David Nitschmann, bearing the order for his exile, which ran thus: "We have resolved without delay to advise the said Count Zinzendorf absolutely to quit our territories from the date of this order," etc. "Then," said the count, in a transport of joy, "the moment is come for collecting together a church of pilgrims; we must go and preach the Saviour to the world."

Thus arose the count's "church of pilgrims"—a kind of missionary congregation, or moving Herrnhut—every member of which, who had any means, providing for himself, none being paid for his services; the count's house as richly supplied as any other nobleman's with servants of both sexes, all belonging to the church of the Brethren. With all this, however, the count was called on for supplies he was now little able to give, as, owing to the demands of the new establishments he was always forming, he had contracted heavy debts, which, in his banishment, he was less hopeful than before of discharging. In this crisis, a rich man in Holland, scarcely known to him, undertook to discharge them all, at a small rate of interest for the sum advanced. "Thus," says the count, "the Lord has made my way plain, which was at that time altogether dark, though I myself never distrusted God." Other timely reliefs are also recounted by his faithful, and we need not add lengthily, biographer Spangenberg, which strongly remind us of those vouchsafed to that strangest of Germans, Jung Stilling. The countess, meanwhile, employed all her fortune in the support of the home establishment at Herrnhut. The count did not always remain with his wandering church, for his own wanderings over the continent of Europe, as well as other lands—of which it would be equally impossible and also unprofitable, because of their sameness, here to give an account—began when he left Halle, and ended only with his life.

In 1737, the count's father-in-law obtained permission from the king of Poland for his return to Herrnhut; but not long after, having declined to subscribe certain conditions, he again departed, and received an order never to return.

In 1738, he repaired to Berlin, having always been received with favor by the king of Prussia; founded an establishment there, and held meetings four times a week, which were crowded with military, courtiers, and clergy. From thence he went into Wetteravia; and while occupying the ancient castle of Marienborn, founded near it the settlement of Herrnhag, which in a few years outgrew Herrnhut.

In the year 1735, the celebrated John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, with his brother Charles, and their associates, Delamotte and Ingham, in pursuance of their missionary labors, set sail for Georgia. In the same vessel were twenty-six Moravians, with whose extreme meekness—seeming to evince that they were delivered from pride, anger, and revenge—their performance of the most servile offices without recompense—their composure when the great deep was as if about to swallow them up—even their women and children, being devoid of all fear, continuing calmly to sing the hymn they had begun—he was so smitten, that he joined himself to them, submitted to their discipline while in the colony, even on the tender point of marriage; and shortly after his return, resolved to make a journey to Herrnhut "for the establishment of his faith." He found Count Zinzendorf a banished man.

Herrnhut at this time had become a little town, with regularly built streets, and consisted of about one hundred houses, presenting all the appearance and some of the practices of a monastic institution. Four regularly ordained pastors or teachers were overseers of the whole flock, and they alone, and their helpers, were allowed to converse with the women. The sexes were each divided into five classes; the first three consisting of children of different ages; the other two, of the young and of the married. Houses were allotted to married persons; the single men and single women and widows living in separate houses. Two women kept a nightly watch in the women's apartment, and two men in the street. They prayed for the sleepers, and sung hymns to excite devotion in the wakeful; there was an *eldest* over each sex, and two inferior *eldests*. Each household also had a deacon, a censor, a monitor, an almoner, and an humble order of servant. As if this open inspection were not sufficient, there were also secret monitors; each of these was formed into bands, and each band had a leader, and all the leaders met the superior eldest once a week, to lay open to him whatever might be "hinder-

ing or furthering the Lord's work in the souls committed to their charge."

Every office-bearer, from the elders downwards, the attendants on the sick, schoolmasters, young men, and even children, held weekly conferences in regard to their several duties. There was public service every morning and evening at eight, consisting of singing, expounding and a short prayer—in the evening usually a mental one. In addition to the ordinary Sunday services, the superior eldest exhorted the members separately, divided for the purpose into fourteen classes, spending about a quarter of an hour with each. After the evening service, the young men went round the town singing hymns.—Continual prayer was offered up day and night, by married men and women, bachelors, maids, boys and girls, twenty-four of each, who relieved each other, and this on the principle that, as in the ancient temple, the fire on the altar never ceased to burn, so ought the prayers of the saints always to ascend to the Lord. The children were early trained to this pupilage. They rose at five, prayed in private, then worked till breakfast at seven, an hour's schooling before public service, school from nine to eleven; after which an hour's walk till twelve, when they dined and worked till one. Instruction of various kinds, and work till six, when they supped; a short prayer and walking till eight, when the younger went to bed, and the elder to public service; then work again till bed-time, at ten. They were taught Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, and English. They had no holidays or relaxation, except the time allowed for walking. The attire of the brethren was very plain, and they all attended the meetings in their working dress. They were content with extremely frugal diet, small dwellings, and scanty furniture. There were serving brethren employed in preparing for the love-feasts and meetings. The elder brethren and sisters in turn made a daily visitation from house to house, saluting the inhabitants with a passage of Scripture called the *daily word*; and it afterwards became their custom to print these in advance for the whole year—a custom now imitated by the Religious Tract Society in their *Penny Almanacs*.—The Lord's supper was administered on the first Saturday of every month, instead of, as formerly, only once in three months; and they washed each other's feet, the men and women apart. After the ordinance, the church met in the great hall, saluted each other with the kiss of charity, the brethren and sisters separately, and then sung hymns expressive of brotherly love. The chapel at this time was still called the *hall*, from the meetings having first been held in the Count's hall. The pastor stood on a raised platform, having

a table before him, on festivals, adorned with flowers. On the top of the building was a turret, surmounted by a lamb, and every few minutes sounds were heard from its summit of four trumpets playing a hymn. These also gave the signal of the decease of the members; and each choir having a peculiar melody, all knew, even when many were dying, who had at that moment expired. No mourning was worn at funerals, but the whole church accompanied the body, singing hymns expressive of their hope of a happy resurrection. In 1730, a new cemetery had been formed at the base of the Hutberg, about a furlong from Herrnhut. It is laid out in regular squares, the walks planted with tall lime trees, the whole surrounded by a beech-hedge. It is approached by an avenue of tall trees; and is a favorite resort, having rather the appearance of a pleasure ground than a grave yard. Here, even in death, the sexes are as carefully classified and separated as they were in life, and over each grave lies a flat stone, bearing the name, day of birth, and death of those who sleep beneath. Over the portal on one side is written: "Christ is risen from the dead;" and on the other: "He is become the first fruits of them that slept." Holmes, in his history says that in 1822 the number of graves was 2502.

In a Moravian settlement, therefore, there was as little personal liberty as in a convent, and less than in a Jesuit Reduction; and from the moment any one entered it, the only power he retained was that of withdrawal. To this strict discipline, which would seem to imply a sort of legal saintship within the community, and to the revival in a still severer form of the ancient practice of leaving the choice in marriage to the elders—in which the celebrated Anna Nitschmann took the lead—must be traced the fanatical and presumptuous language, and the strange and almost blasphemous practices, which some years after this prevailed among them, and which drew upon them an assault, wherein the testimony of their own writings supported the charges brought against them, to which they had nothing to oppose but the testimony of their pure lives. To their honor, however, it must be recorded, that they at once saw and admitted the offensive and dangerous nature of the extravagances they had indulged in, and corrected their writings, their talk, and their practices. Of these, more hereafter. Wesley also visited Count Zinzendorf in his banishment, at the castle of Marienborn; and it is more than hinted that they parted with a less favorable opinion of each other. The reason is not far to seek. Both sought to be leaders; but the count; though a humble pastor washing the feet of the disciples, was still the feudal German baron, the prophet, priest,

and patron of immense multitudes, ruling supreme in a spiritual empire, within which his written and spoken utterances were received as oracles, and he regarded Wesley more as a religious inquirer than an equal. Hampton, in his *Life of Wesley*, says, the count sent him one day to dig in his garden, and when he had been some time there, working in his shirt, he ordered him to get into a carriage to pay a visit to a German count, without suffering him to wash his hands or put on a coat; and when he would have remonstrated, "You must be simple, my brother," was all the reply. Hampton affirms that this anecdote, more than savoring of monastic discipline, is quite authentic; but Southey considers that neither would Zinzendorf, who had been in England, have exacted, nor Wesley given, such a proof of docility.

He returned to London, and for some time wrote and spoke of the Brethren in the highest terms; but by degrees he began to entertain "doubts concerning certain parts of their conduct, which he wished them to consider well;" and from this declaration began the differences which ended in a separation. When Molthier, one of his adversaries, was taken ill, Wesley was guilty of the presumption of tracing his illness to a judgment from God. "Mr. Molthier was taken ill this day. I believe it was the hand of God that was upon him." When this was remarked upon, he used the discreditable subterfuge, that he had not said it was for opposing him! The count sent Spangenberg to London to act as mediator. Finding on his return that the Moravians had been blamable, and had injured Wesley, the count desired them to ask his forgiveness, a circumstance disingenuously concealed by Wesley in his account of the affair, or only printed in Latin—which scarcely any of his adherents understood—in relating his conversation with the count, who came to England himself when he heard of the rejection of the proffered reconciliation. In this conversation, which Wesley said "he dared not to conceal," he maintained the doctrine of Christian perfection, which Zinzendorf vehemently repudiated, saying: "I acknowledge no inherent perfection in this life. This is the error of errors. We are perfect in Christ; we are never perfect in ourselves."

We have no intention of recording either the conversation or the progress of the breach, after which Wesley published foul accusations against the Brethren, on the authority of persons who had left their society: that they used cunning and evasion; that children left their parents to starve, and the like; and even insinuates—in speaking of one part of Rimius's *Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Herrnhutters*, which assuredly is not wanting in severity—that he knew "a hundred

times more than Rimius has written, but the particulars are too shocking to relate." Of the count, he says: "Was there ever such a Proteus under the sun as this Lord Freydeck, Domine de Thürnstein, etc. etc., for he has almost as many names as he has faces or shapes." For all this, Wesley is severely censured by Southey. In the separation, many of the leading Methodists adhered to the Brethren; amongst others, Wesley's oldest associates, Ingham and Delamotte.

The celebrated Whitefield also entered the lists against the Brethren, who were certainly, as his biographer says, "ill represented, in some respects, in London." He addressed a letter to Count Zinzendorf, in which he accuses him of being instrumental in instituting "a whole farrago of superstitions, not to say idolatrous fopperies;" he goes on to speak of a "picture of the Apostle Paul handing up a lady and gentleman to the side of Jesus Christ;" of strange practices on the birthday of Anna Nitschmann, who was "seated before a table covered with artificial flowers, behind which was an altar with a cross composed of mock or real diamonds, or other glittering stones, and surrounded by wax-tapers, the organ also illuminated by three pyramids of wax tapers, over the head of the general eldersess being placed her own picture, and over it that of the Son of God!" that the count and his family permitted incense to be burned before them; that he usurped authority over the properties as well as consciences of individuals; and that one William Bell, on becoming bound for another who had promised more than he was able to pay, had his drooping spirits revived by being shewn a sort of transparency, in which he was sitting near to Jesus Christ, and a profusion of money falling from the clouds over their heads.

All this and much more is minutely recounted by Philip in his *Life and Times of Whitefield*; but he does not give a word of the count's reply and explanation, nor does he tell us that although some absurd ceremonies took place on Anna Nitschmann's birthday, she was not only not present, but "resented it highly, and avoided ever after both the place and the individuals associated with the remembrance of such improprieties." The count's biographer admits, that at the period referred to, "a spirit of extravagance prevailed in many of the Brethren's congregations, though happily only for a short season," but neither introduced nor patronized by the count; and as for the giving and bequeathing of money by individuals, that is a practice common enough in other communities. Concerning these faults and accusations of strange license permitted, which continued to be repeated and improved upon long after the real evils had been acknowledged and abandoned, a Saxon nobleman,

when some friends were pretending to believe all the stories against the Brethren, replied thus: "Pray, gentlemen, do not assert that you believe these things; for I know you all so well, that if you really did believe that all manner of licentiousness might be practised at Herrnhut with impunity, there is not one of you who would not long ago have requested to be received as a member of such a community. When Whitefield published his accusations, Lord Granville, then president of the council, wrote to the count, who was residing near London, "that he would do well to bring an action against Whitefield, who was punishable according to English laws;" to which Zinzendorf replied: if he had acted thus, he might have ruined many; adding, "Mr. Whitefield is still listened to with benefit by many, and therefore I would not even write anything that might destroy his reputation." We have examined the testimony of friends and opponents, and cannot find that Zinzendorf, when accused and assailed, ever made use of violent or recriminative language, which seems quite marvellous in a man of his ardent and imprudent temperament.

Cennick, the great friend of Whitefield, with a large body of his supporters, had previously gone over to the Moravians, and were not to be moved by accusations which called forth much testimony to the personal worth and sincerity of the count, the highly romantic and undaunted Christian leader of a most generally reputed humble and unpretending body. He had stood before kings and emperors, grand-dukes, electors, margraves; and whether for the furtherance of his work, or that they might demand an account of his deeds, he spoke with an earnestness and unction that none of them could gainsay, and few were able to resist. The secret lay in his romantic ardor; this it was which gave to him a mouth and wisdom for a work which if he did not at all times pursue with wisdom, he did at least with sincerity. When called before Frederic-William I., the father of the Great Frederic, and interrogated as to why he was so much calumniated, the king, who had previously sifted the matter, publicly declared, with his usual vehemence, that "the devil in hell could not have invented worse lies." The title of bishop having been revived in the modern church of the Brethren, the count, by express consent of the king, had been ordained a bishop at Berlin, and was congratulated on the event by Potter, archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he had previously much friendly intercourse; and who declared, that though he could not speak in the name of the king or the church, with respect to himself he could not doubt the episcopal succession in the Moravian Church, though he might suffer by the avowal. The bishop of London also sent the count a copy of his pub-

lished sermons, with a most friendly letter. At length, in 1749, by an act of the British parliament, the United Brethren were recognized as an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church; the bishop of Sodor and Man became its honorary president; and the members were exempted from foreign military service, from taking oaths, or acting as jurymen. Southey says, that from the time they were so fiercely assaulted, "the Brethren have not only lived without reproach, but enjoy in a greater degree than any other sect the general good opinion of every other religious community." We have seen that from their fanatical language and monastic discipline, they were led by indiscreet members into many extravagances; but these they corrected in time, and they seem to have possessed, as a body, the most delightful of qualities when exhibited in individuals — that of readiness to confess a fault; a still more rare virtue than that of correcting it.

Such was the count's devotion to the work, that there was no service of danger, no forlorn-hope, on which he was not ready to go for its furtherance. In his constant visitation of the churches he had planted, the pestilential swamp and the huge crushing iceberg were as welcome to him as the mountain-heath and the smiling meadow. The Brethren's first foreign mission arose thus. In 1731, when attending the coronation of Christian VI. of Denmark, Zinzendorf, in holding converse with a negro named Anthony, eagerly listened as he related how "he had often sat on the sea-shore of the island of St. Thomas, and prayed for a revelation from Heaven; and that, by the providence of God, he had been brought to Copenhagen, where he had embraced Christianity." So moving was his picture of the condition, temporal and spiritual, of his fellows, that the count determined at once to despatch two willing brethren — Leonhard Dober and David Nitschmann — to each of whom he gave a ducat, and from the church they received three dollars each, with which they travelled to Copenhagen, where, having found favor in high places, one of the princesses gave them money for their voyage, and a Dutch Bible. In 1738, after taking leave of his consort as if they were parting for eternity, the count set sail for St. Thomas, to visit the infant church he had planted there. Often was he asked by the way, if he knew that St. Thomas was the general church-yard of the West Indies; that he would arrive at the worst season; and that of one hundred who came together from Europe, scarcely ten were left at the end of the year. But to all these things, which moved him not, his sole reply was, that "at the Lord's appointed time he would enter into his rest." He found the Brethren in prison. Soon, however, by his usual mild conciliation, he obtained

their release, and beheld, from the different plantations, nearly a thousand negroes flocking, as they were able, to the different meetings.

After remaining more than a year on the island, he departed for Europe, amidst the tears and assurances of Christian fidelity of the negroes. During the voyage—physically very weak, his body even wounded and ulcerated—he wrote to the countess how happy he was, and says: “I do all that I am wont to do on shore, and even more.” When two of the ship’s company were about to fight, he rushed between them, took away their swords, laid them under his bed, and kept them there till they came to land. He sent for the crew, and told them kindly what he thought of their course of life, and how happy the children of God were; shewed the utmost forbearance to offenders; but if one who had been blaspheming all day took a prayer-book into his hand, or named the name of Jesus, he warned him not to mock God. Such was one of his voyages across the Atlantic. At a subsequent time, he spent some years in America, where Anna Nitschmann and her aged father also labored long; and during this absence, the countess visited not only Herrnhut and Berlin, but Livonia and Denmark, where she had an audience of the queen, to whom “she spoke freely and fully respecting the progress of the Gospel.” Scarcely had the count returned to his family at Marienborn from St. Thomas, and suffering from severe indisposition and other trials, than he set out on foot to hold a synod at Wurtemberg, which we mention only as a sample of his mode of life. Taking into account the total lack of swift modes of conveyance a century ago, and his having consumed much time by foot-travel and by vehicles scarcely more expeditious, we are left in amazement at the amount of ground he traversed in the course of his wandering life. For personal comfort he was without a thought. After his banishment, among the asylums offered him, that which pleased him best, on account of its locality, was the old mansion of Ronneburg. Christian David was sent to inspect it, but returned, saying the count could not possibly reside there. He asked him: “Christian, hast thou not been in Greenland?” “Yes,” answered he; “if it were only as good as we had it in Greenland! But thither you cannot go; it would be the death of you.” Thither the count went, however; and writes of his arrival: “The mansion itself is sumptuous, but desolate, like the palaces against which woes were denounced by the prophets; but I brought thither a contented heart, finished the same day the little hymn-book for pilgrims, and felt it to be a happy day.” He said he had come there for the poor and needy; and he found ample work.

His family soon joined him; and to his other works he added schools for the young, who were always the objects of his peculiar care, and had the poor boys to dine with his son, the young count, and the girls with the young countess. We give this, we repeat, as a sample of his manner of life wherever he went. Whatever he had himself, he gave liberally; but he was against the ordinary methods of procuring aid by collections, and had no knowledge of the practical management of affairs. The countess possessed this knowledge, and both lived in the most sparing manner. But when the churches extended, she must be in one place while he was in another. Hence embarrassments ensued, to obviate which they were always the first to venture their own and their family’s property. At one time the affairs became so complicated—owing to loans contracted by the deacons of the church in London without his knowledge, and for which he must make himself personally responsible—that he, feeling more than ever his incapacity in pecuniary matters, and that he had failed in exercising necessary authority and enforcing caution, calling together the elders of the church—he was residing then at Lindsey House on the Thames, near Chelsea—he confessed with many tears the faults he had committed, not only then, but in long by past years, “mournfully pointing out all the mistakes he had made from time to time, which excited in others feelings peculiar to the contrite in heart.” He went so far as to send this confession to the churches, desiring to resign every office he held but that of pastor, with which desire the Brethren would not comply. This humility might seem to some to savor of affectation; but every action shewed he was ready to live out the words he had uttered, and Zinzendorf was altogether a man not to be judged of by ordinary rules. He held himself indeed as suspended for a time, and yet was ready for any labor, night and day, when called on. Once he was actually prepared to go to prison, when a sum of money he had expected in vain arrived. Another time he writes: “We have lived this year chiefly upon the sale of our ornaments, gold and silver.” When their affairs were at the worst, so popular had it become to write against the Brethren, and especially the count, that pamphlets were thrust into the hands of the members of parliament in going to the House; and one man, who had written most severely, confessed he had done so to earn something, and would just as soon have written in their favor. It was not uncommon, however, for editors of journals to make public apologies for having inserted injurious attacks. The count habitually acted on the principles propounded in his work, *The Forgiveness of Offences*. He never

boasted, or made a trade of his distresses and persecutions. These are his words: "I do not think it necessary to make a great show of the cross I am called to bear; indeed, the church would have been spared the pain of hearing the calumnies so industriously propagated against myself, had it been in my power to prevent it. The sun, I know, will shine again; but while the gloom endures, something is gained, both of comfort and safety, by remaining tranquil.

This doctrine, admirable as to the attacks of enemies, he carried to a fault in his dealings with the Brethren. True and single-hearted himself, he refused to believe that those he had loved and trusted were crooked and self-seeking, and he would sometimes absent himself from conferences when he feared the Brethren would speak of things painful for him to hear. Personally adverse to strict church-discipline, as tending to make men presume on their own righteousness, and maintain a holy appearance in the eyes of the world, when true devotion and purity of heart might be wanting, his manner was to bear long with trifling differences; and hence he would not see, and failed to rebuke in time, as he alone could have done with authority, those hurtful extravagances which raised such a tempest against himself and the Brethren. When this tempest was at its height, vast numbers of all ranks came from many lands to see and hear for themselves, which caused a great increase in the Brethren's settlements, of which the count's biographer says: "He saw this concourse of people not without pain, for he was of opinion that the Saviour's cause would be more promoted if those who were truly pious remained where they were, and either taught in words or by their good example." He, however, cordially welcomed such as were suffering injury, and would have become Separatists. At length he assembled a synod, with the intention "fully to eradicate the injurious fanaticism which had spread itself in the Unity, and especially among the teachers;" and then his words were those of needful severity, seasoned with unflinching love. When troubles assailed, and obstacles baffled him, like Hezekiah of old, "he spread the matter before the Lord with many tears," and seems always to have received the desired strength and counsel.

In 1747, after a ten years' banishment, which had served only to further his own work and confound the designs of his enemies, Count Zinzendorf was permitted to return to Upper Lusatia. He entered Herrnhut at four in the morning of the 14th of October; and in the afternoon a love-feast was held, at which he alluded to the watchword for the day: "The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends." In 1751,

while the count was again visiting Herrnhut, he was greatly affected by the death of Christian David, his faithful associate for thirty years, who had conducted the mission to Greenland, and touching whom there was a common saying among the Brethren: "We have only one Christian David." The countess also died at Herrnhut in 1756. One of the finest passages in the count's writings is the character he has drawn of her; and so great was the grief of the church for her loss, that he who most needed comfort must impart comfort to others. She was familiarly known by the name of *Mother*. She managed all the count's manorial and domestic affairs during their thirty-four years' union, was tender and unwearied in her maternal duties, weak in body, but strong in understanding, of original mind, and overflowing compassion.

Exactly one year after, during which he had ceased to exercise certain functions in the church only permitted to married men, he married the elderess Anna Nitschmann. Beyond the fact nothing is recorded, which we regret, as it would have been curious to note what amount of anxiety she manifested to be guided by the sentiments of the Brethren when about to be raised to that honor. From this time, and even before the death of the countess, the health of the count had been evidently impaired. He had never allowed bodily illness to interfere with his exertions; but the attacks were now marked by extreme prostration, and we have longer intervals between his journeys. He occupied himself much in arranging his works, even the titles of which—amounted to more than 100—it would occupy pages to insert. They are chiefly theological—as sermons, essays, and hymns; and except a few tracts in Latin, French, and English, in which languages he learned to preach freely, they are written in German. His style is highly colloquial, also fresh and vigorous, even the smallest of his treatises exhibiting the originality of the writer. He spoke extempore, delivered generally two or three discourses in a day—those of his earlier years containing some crude and extravagant statements and doubtful imagery; the later, mild, dispassionate, and cordial in tone. His *Final Apology*, a reply to the attacks of his adversaries, was published in 1752, after which their virulence began to abate, and the princes to discover how much their territories were benefited financially by these peaceful communities. Anxious to correct even an erroneous expression, the count undertook a complete revision of his works, and was thus engaged when death called him away. His maxim was: "The smallest truth is of more value than the reputation of him who propounds it."

Count Zinzendorf was called "the master

singer" of the Brethren's modern church. The hymn-book in present use in the German congregations contains 540 of his composition, forty by the countess, and sixty by the young count, who died early. It is not generally known that the beautiful hymn which has found its way into so many collections—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress—"

is by the count. It was composed on his wretched voyage from St. Thomas. Of one period his biographer says: "The count was this year like a fountain, from which many edifying hymns proceeded, which were composed chiefly at the time of singing them." On one occasion he composed six hymns which were sung on the instant. The fine hymn, *High on his Everlasting Throne*, was composed by Spangenberg, and presented to the count on his thirty-fourth birthday. In the older and more objectionable collections, one of which contained as many as 2169 hymns, we find a number puerile, others highly offensive in taste and imagery. As a specimen of the former, we give—

'What is now to children the dearest thing here?
To be the Lamb's lambskins and chickens most dear.

Such lambskins are nourished with food which is best;

Such chickens sit safely and warm in the nest.

* * * * *

And when Satan at an hour

Comes our chickens to devour,

Let the children's angels say:

"These are Christ's chicks—go thy way."

Of the latter, this will suffice—

'How bright appeareth the wounds-star

In Heaven's firmament from far!

And round the happy places

Of the true wounds-church here below,

In at each window they shine so

Directly on your faces.

Dear race of grace,

Sing those hymns on,

Four holes crimson

And side pierced,

Burden this of all the blessed

All such as these have been long expunged; the modern collection contains many of great beauty, but some, like the above, which would grievously offend our scanning friends.

Count Zinzendorf had always rebuked the Brethren when they spoke despairingly, as if the loss of him would be irreparable. The hour they had long dreaded was now at hand. On the 5th May 1760, when at his own Herrnhut, after finishing his morning labors, he gently said: 'Now rest will be sweet.' He

sat at table for the last time, scarcely ate, and complained of extreme thirst. In the afternoon he composed a hymn, attended a love-feast, then retired to bed exhausted, and rose not again. The disease was catarrhal fever. His wife, also, was very ill. At night he conversed with his three daughters, his son-in-law, his oldest friend Baron Frederick von Watteville, and Henry Count Reuss, saying that he knew this sickness was unto death; his countenance, meanwhile, and his every word expressive of entire joy and resignation. He wrote and labored much, spoke of some affairs of the Brethren that lay near his heart, sent remembrances and admonitions, listened to the latest intelligence from the churches, and rejoiced in the many fruits of his work. The ministers of the church watched over him in turn. Very early in the morning of the 9th, it being evident that his last hour was approaching, nearly a hundred of the Brethren and Sisters assembled around him and in the adjoining apartment. His kind and cheerful looks were answered by the tears of the assembly. Towards the ninth hour, after a parting look of surpassing serenity, he bowed his head, his eyes closed, and whilst his son-in-law uttered the words: 'Lord, now testest thou thy servant depart in peace,' he expired. On the following day, the body being clothed with his ministerial gown, and placed in a coffin covered with violet-colored cloth, it was visited by the whole congregation and other companies, all singing suitable hymns at intervals. On the 14th, the day of the funeral, the coffin was brought early into the place of worship, and six Brethren sat around it, relieving each other every hour, the organ and other instruments uttering soothing music.

Strangers of all ranks, and officers of the imperial army, were present, and a corps of the Imperial Grenadiers entered and occupied Herrnhut at eleven, playing martial music. At five, the whole congregation having assembled in the space before the chapel, the females clothed in white, the trombones sounded, and twelve of the Brethren brought forth the body, and placed it in the midst of the circle. The procession was then formed, amounting to 2100 persons, with nearly twice as many spectators, the body being borne in turns by thirty-two presbyters and deacons of the church, who happened to be at Herrnhut from distant lands, some even from Greenland. At the grave-yard, round which the outer circle, composed of the children, stretched as far as the uplands, where were stationed the musicians, John Nitschmann, the minister of Herrnhut for the time being, who had walked before the body with a bishop on each side, after the singing of suitable hymns, solemnly uttered these words: 'We commit this grain of wheat to the earth, though not

without tears; but it will yield its fruit in due time, and he will joyfully gather in his harvest with thanksgiving and praise. Let all who desire this say, Amen.' And the whole congregation answered: 'Amen!' They then prayed responsively a portion of the Litany, and the benediction, accompanied by the musical choir, closed the service. The grave was close to that of the late countess, at the further end of the principal walk. On the tombstone are these words; 'Here rest the mortal remains of the ever-memorable man of God, Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, the most worthy Ordinary of the Brethren's Unity, renewed in the eighteenth century, through the grace of God and his faithful and unwearied services. He was born at Dresden on the 26th May 1700, and entered into the joy of his Lord on the 9th May 1760. "He was ordained that he should bring forth fruit, and that his fruit should remain."'

Towards the end of the same month died Anna Nitschmann, his second spouse.

The biographer of Count Zinzendorf, in comparing his temperament with that of Martin Luther, says with much truth and some quaintness: 'With respect to both these distinguished men, thanks are due to God for having taken them early under his tuition, and constrained them to devote themselves to his service; for, otherwise, they would both, in all probability, have done as much evil in the world as, by God's grace, they have done good.'

We have no intention of pursuing the parallel, which would certainly not be a close one. To us, he seems more nearly to resemble the great Jesuit missionary Francis Xavier. He had not, it is true, the lofty eloquence of that prince of apostles, which caused his tall form to dilate till his auditors declared it was no figure of speech to say he was lifted above this earth, but there was the same self-abnegation, the childlike faith never disturbed by a doubt or a fear, which would have made him preach on, as Xavier did, when the thunderbolt rent in twain the temple wherein he taught; thus giving, as has been finely said of him, the best of all proofs of his belief in the real Presence. Their situations and times reversed, they would have made the same achievements, and committed the same mistakes. We confess that in following and narrowly sifting the life of Zinzendorf, we have warmed up to a point of admiration we little thought of in the outset, but which we cannot admit to have in any measure biased our judgment. He was one of those real, transparent, defective characters, far more interesting than so-called better, which generally means more cautious men. He was a true martyr, but not in the ordinary fire-and-

faggot sense. His lot was cast in times when men had to live and to *work* for their faith—a much more difficult thing than to fight and to die for it; inasmuch as life-long endurance, and the constant manifestation of a higher mind and spirit than pervades the mass, serve and teach men better than single acts and daring deeds. To be led to the stake amidst the cheers of friends, and the still more exciting taunts of enemies, may be called the poetry of martyrdom: but, to work on during a lifetime, where the labor that was seen, great as that was, bore no proposition to the unseen; to pass whole nights as well as days in the details of business; to wander on foot through savage lands, where the sun scorched by day and the assassin lurked by night; to partake of unwholesome food, bringing both present and future disease; to brave the deadly jungle and the stormy ocean; to have to listen to the loud oaths of sailors, while lying with a bruised and ulcerated body—the tempest raging without, and separated from eternity only by a few creaking timbers, inditing, meanwhile, lofty hymns of praise; to reach the welcome shore, only to learn that one child had been led into "injurious fanaticism," and another snatched away by death—that new enemies had arisen, and former friends grown cold—that hired maligners were plying their work, and angry creditors clamoring for payment; to have to rebuke evil and abhorrent practices, even while confessing with contrite heart and many tears personal errors and multiplied mistakes; and yet still to go on, with failing limbs but undaunted heart, sowing the good seed, when well-nigh choked by the tares and the weeds that had sprung up around, till the great Lord of the harvest himself thrust in his sickle to gather in the sower into his harvest—this is at once the prose of martyrdom and the truest heroism. All this and more did Nicholas Lewis Count Zinzendorf. Doubtless in some of his grievous sicknesses, he hoped and desired that God's time was come for him to cease from his labors. Had he not felt and confessed this, he would not have been the true character we are called on to honor. He was always ready again for the work. Like his great Master, his life was a fulfilment of his words: "I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day."

It only now remains for us to speak of the present state of the Moravian Church, its missions, and their history. In January 1728, at a meeting held in Herrnhut, to receive accounts from the various societies and settlements, "the Brethren felt themselves urged to attempt something that might redound to the glory of God;" and many distant countries were mentioned, the difficulty of reaching which seemed to most of those present to offer

insuperable obstacles; "but the count expressed his firm conviction, that the Lord would one day grant the Brethren, with the grace, the means also necessary for the work."

Three years afterwards, two of them were on their way to the island of St. Thomas. In other eight years, being just sixteen after Christian David first struck his axe into the forest tree, and busy habitations had sprung up, chasing away the snake and the heron, the Brethren had planted themselves, with firmer or weaker roots, in about thirty different stations. In the country around Herrnhut, were Herrnhag, Hoerendyk, Pilgeruh, and Ebersdorf. At Jena, the young count had a church in his own house, and meetings attended by students and others. There were greater or lesser churches in Berlin, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, London, and Oxford. Of foreign countries—in Greenland, several of the West India islands, America, Cape of Good Hope, Livonia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Russia, on the coasts of the White Sea, Lapland, Norway, and afterwards in Denmark, Sweden, France and Switzerland, changes, in the way of extension and discontinuance, have of course taken place; but it is remarkable that no country contains Moravian stations or settlements not founded and mostly flourishing in the days of Zinzendorf; so that he could say, in another and a better sense than the Grand Monarque: "The Moravian Church! c'est moi."

The Moravian institutions are divided into settlements, societies, congregations, missions, and schools. Their discipline is no longer so strict as formerly. A settlement is a village inhabited solely by Moravians, and contains workshops and weaving manufactories, chapels, school-houses, and an inn for travellers. Societies, which consist of members attending the public ministry in their parish churches, but having private meetings for edification. The congregations possess a chapel, and sometimes a school-house, but live among their fellow-citizens. In Great Britain and Ireland there are nearly 5000 Moravians, including children. There is a London association, to aid their missions; also one in Scotland. By the latest "Periodical accounts," they had expended within a trifle of £13,000, nearly the half contributed by other churches, the rest by the Brethren themselves, and received in legacies. The missionaries also labor for their own support. Schools are established at all the principal settlements. To these, in England and on the continent, many hundreds of scholars are every year sent from all denominations of Christians, the education being both excellent and moderate. The Moravians are chiefly remarkable for their simple habits, quiet cheerfulness, and regularity. Formerly, they had adopted one uniform dress; now,

the only distinction is a peculiar white linen cap, not unlike three large oyster-shells, one on the crown of the head, and one at each ear, worn by the females, fastened under the chin with a ribbon. Young girls wear scarlet, but after being received into the community at the age of fourteen to sixteen, pink; married women, blue; and widows, white. As on the continent generally, they work and have music on Sundays; their service resembles the English, only simpler, with more singing, the sexes sitting apart; the dead bodies still laid out in the chapel, with singing of hymns at the grave. Easter is their great festival, when at early morning, and to sound of trumpet, they walk in procession round the grave-yard, singing appropriate hymns.

Marriages are still arranged at the conferences. Lately, one of their ministers, after having declared his desire not to marry, was told he must do so, and choose one of three females. He declined to choose, and settled the matter by lot. But such instances are rare, and the lot is now seldom appealed to. Notwithstanding this seemingly unnatural mode of procedure, an unhappy marriage is said to be unknown among them. On this fact a theory might be built—that strict discipline is the best preparation for a condition in which it is constantly averred that much is required. The Brethren and Sisters hold themselves in constant readiness to depart on any service, however dangerous, at the bidding of their superiors, closely resembling in this respect the society of Jesuits. In an old Moravian hymn, marriage is included among the "services of danger" for which the Brethren must be prepared:—

"That like the former warriors each may stand.
Ready for land, sea, marriage, at command."

The Brethren, receiving contributions from others, also contribute in their turn to the support of churches still poorer than themselves. Last year an appeal was made to them by a poor Protestant church at Krabschütz in Bohemia, who were endeavoring to build a new church, and able to raise no more than £11, 16s. annually for the support of their pastor, who even of that had only received the year before £3, 12s. A sum of £23 was contributed at Herrnhut, to aid in finishing the church and parsonage; and when one of the Brethren arrived with the money, he found the pastor's house in miserable state, having for furniture only "a few wooden stools, a rude table, and some pegs to hang clothes on." On receiving the gift, "the good man was quite overcome with thankfulness, as likewise for the articles of furniture and clothing collected for him and for the poorer members of his flock." This reminds us of the abject letters of thanks

written by the poor curates of the Church of England to the societies, for there are now two in London, who collect for them articles of furniture, cast-clothes, and other necessities. And this, too, in a church whose higher dignitaries are clad in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day!

William Wilberforce says of the zeal of the Moravian body: "It is a zeal tempered with prudence, softened with meekness, soberly aiming at great ends by the gradual operation

of well adapted means, supported by a courage which no danger can intimidate, and a quiet constancy which no hardships can exhaust." Cecil says of them: "The Moravians have very nearly hit on Christianity. They appear to have found out what sort of a thing it is: its quietness—meekness—patience—spirituality heavenliness—and order."

We have now done. We have presented to our readers a great fact in the history of Christianity.

RUSSIAN CIVILIZATION.—Scotchmen and Germans, the former chiefly in the early part of the last century, and the latter since that period, have had the greatest influence in moulding and civilizing the barbarous empire of Peter the Great. Most of the professors in the Russian universities are Germans, who are also the principal agents in the boasted progress that the Russians have made in the study of the Oriental languages. The compilers of the great Sanscrit Dictionary, now preparing under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, are two distinguished German scholars, Messrs. Böthlingk and Roth. The Russians, hitherto, have not been remarkable for their studious and literary habits. Their popular poets of the present day are weak imitators of the worst features of Byron's poetry.

Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, in his valuable and most seasonable *Suggestions for the Assistance of Officers in learning the Languages of the Seat of War in the East*, remarks:

The nations that speak the Slavonic languages [of which the Russian is the chief] may have great destinies to fulfil in the long future; they have means at their command vast, as any European nation; and if they can throw out of their system the bastard blood of a Mongolian nobility, and resist the poison of a premature civilization, their history and literature may rise high on the horizon of Europe, and restore to Slava its original meaning of "good report and glory."

Notes and Queries.

"**THE SAVAGE.**"—In the *Materials for Thinking*, published by Taylor some years ago, and also in the *Pocket Lacon*, there are several extracts from a work called *The Savage*. Many years ago I saw a volume of this work, having the imprint of Thomas Manning, Philadelphia; and also Cadell & Davis, London; with the date I think, of 1810. Never having seen but that one volume, though I had inquired of many second-hand booksellers, I concluded it must be a rather scarce work. Lately, however, I picked it up at an old bookstall in the country. Its title is as follows:—

The Savage, by Piomingo, a Headman and Warrior of the Muscogulgee Nation. Published by Thomas S. Manning, No. 148 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, 1810.

It is intrinsically in every respect an American book: for, in addition to the paper and print being American in appearance, it has the official seal on the second page of the clerk of the district of Pennsylvania, investing Thomas Manning with the proprietary rights.

I shall feel truly obliged if any of your correspondents will inform me whether it is considered a rare work; who was the author, and whether a second volume was ever published? DAVID GAM.

Aberdare, Wales.

Notes and Queries.

PAY.—This word, in ordinary language, is only used to signify the delivering over of money, or other valuables, in discharge of a debt. But in its original meaning, it seems to have had a particular reference to the act or manner of blotting out the record of the debt. This was done in times not long passed, and is sometimes done now, by drawing a line, or more commonly two lines crossing each other athwart the writing in the book; and from the custom, it is often said by country people, when they have paid a debt, that the book is crossed. But at the time when very few were able to read what was written, not only would it be thought unsatisfactory to have nothing more than a written receipt entered in the book, but this drawing a line across the record of the debt was supposed too slight a matter; and, therefore, the obliteration was made by dipping the tip of the finger in ink, and smearing it over the writing. This blotting out of the record was what was particularly understood by the word *paying*, and not simply the act of delivering the money: and hence our local application of the word to *pay* is only an extension of the original meaning, when it is applied to the smearing over of the bottom of a ship or boat with pitch. When a new coat of pitch or tar is thus laid, the boat is said to be paid over.

Notes and Queries.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Aunt Margaret, you begin your list of my sins and shortcomings (which, no doubt, is to be a lengthy one) with two heavy charges—Pride and Ambition. They are, at all events, not the failings of a low or mean nature. They are splendid and princely sins, if sins at all, arising from wealth, not poverty of soul. Shortcomings they can't be called, so I suppose you would call them *sins*."

"Call them what you will, think of them as you will, Gertrude; they are odious vices, especially in a woman; they are crimes against humility and self-forgetfulness, two most lovely and desirable qualities in women. They are shortcomings, too,—shortcomings from the high standard of excellence and perfection of character which alone is worth striving to attain. But, dear child, I did not accuse you of having these faults, only of being in danger of them."

Aunt Margaret had begun her reply with a warmth and vehemence very unusual in her, but she quickly recovered her good temper, and when she had finished speaking, drew her comfortable chair nearer the fire, and resumed her work, with the peculiarly sweet calm look habitual to her again spreading over her face; while a half smile, lighting up her kind brown eyes, and playing round her mouth, betrayed her inward amusement at her own unwonted energy, and a consciousness of the storm she had most likely provoked.

"How I hate to have what is 'womanly,' what is 'desirable in women,' so constantly preached to me! Are all women alike? Did nature make one pattern, and cut us all out by that? Are we a set of marionettes, or mere puppets, possessing no will, no individuality, set up on the stage of life, and *put through* our parts? If you would but talk of what is right and wrong—christian and unchristian—I could, I am sure, hear you patiently. However, having brought such charges against me, pray endeavor to prove them. What kind of pride do I indulge? Of what am I ambitious? Pride of birth, of wealth, of rank? You cannot accuse me of these!"

"Certainly not, Gertrude; but pride of intellect and ambition of fame, what say you concerning these? Do you plead guilty, or not guilty?"

The triumphant smile that flashed up in the girl's eyes, belying the constrained gravity of her mouth, and the quick flush that suffused her face, prevented her replying as gravely and haughtily as she wished.

"And what of these, aunt, are they so wrong? Do they merit very serious reproof, very heavy condemnation? But John," she cried, turning quickly to her brother, who, book in hand, was amusing himself, after the manner of men, by listening to this encounter of women's wits—"John, you are cowardly; you have encouraged me in what Aunt Essery considers my sinful ambition, and will you not bestir yourself to say one

word in my defence? Do you consider ambition so wrong in a woman?"

"Well, Gertrude, I thought you seemed pretty well equal to the occasion—not much in need of my assistance. Besides, I have never considered the question under discussion, so am hardly prepared to give any opinion. Perhaps I have thought of you too little as a woman; too much first as a ready and intelligent pupil, and lately as a companion and fellow-student."

"And is not that because you have never found in me the feminine weakness, folly, and incapacity of which men so generally accuse women?" asked Gertrude, the triumphant smile and blush again illumining her face.

"Gently, gently, sister mine, or to Aunt Margaret's just commenced catalogue I shall be obliged to add Vanity as a number three."

"I am not vain, you know that, brother. I scorn, I detest vanity—it is a mean, low thing. If I have talents, and long to use them—if I have power, and burn to exercise it, I will not hypocritically pretend ignorance of such possessions. I will not say 'I have them not. No; I will boldly own the knowledge of what I am, and with what I am gifted. This surely is not vanity. You will acknowledge that at least I am not vain.'"

"So far so well, niece Gertrude. I quite agree with you in contempt for that hypocrisy that affects humility in order to provoke praise; and in the mere consciousness of the possession of power and talent, in however unusual a degree, I can see no cause, no rational cause, for self-admiration in any created being. But do you stop there? Shall you be content with using your talents, with exercising your power? Do you not desire, not only that the world should feel and know these attributes of yours, but also that it should know you as the possessor of them? Should you be content with *doing* secretly, your self unknown the while? Do you not thirst for applause? Shall you not glory in renown?"

"Stop, stop, aunt; you press Gertrude too hard now. Some care for the opinion of the world, some love for its praise we all have, and all ought to have. You yourself rejoiced in my success, and triumphed in my triumph. By and by, all in good time, you will feel the same sympathy with Gertrude's joy. Ambition," he continued, "is certainly dangerous; that I believe is an axiom familiar in the mouth of every school-boy—a truism oracularly inculcated by every child's copy-book—though perhaps as to the why and the wherefore of its being so dangerous, men do not often agree. To me its greatest danger appears to lie in this, that we cannot long indulge ambitious thoughts and projects without mentally forestalling their fruition, and raising ourselves to ideal heights; placing ourselves upon an imaginary pedestal, which, when suddenly and violently blown against by the wind of reality, falls for want of any solid base; and so we, falling to our own lower and proper level, find it bestrewn with stern and uncompromising rocks of circumstance, against which we probably strike in our blind and headlong descent, and are miserably dashed in pieces; though, had we

walked humbly and circumspectly among them, we had been safe enough."

"Better thus to fall, than never to have risen; than always to have walked in ignoble safety; or to have stuck in the clogging mire of conventionalism and self-mistrust that bounds the lower extremity of the rocky plain of life."

"That is a matter of taste, Gertrude; the *juste milieu* is certainly the most desirable."

"It seems to me, John," said Aunt Margaret, that you have not stated all, or the worst dangers attending those who cherish ambition. I think—"

"Well, well, think of ambition as you may, you will acknowledge the truth of my reason for maintaining, for I am inclined so to maintain, that it is less dangerous for a woman than for a man."

"Let me hear it—but do not expect to convince me."

"A woman's heart has always more power over her nature than her intellect, and will gain the victory in any and every struggle for dominion. A woman will act according to the feelings of her heart, not according to her intellectual convictions. So, when the struggle between love and ambition, between love and pride, of whatever kind, arrives, love will come off triumphant. Would a woman have her intellect maintain supremacy, she must shut her whole being against love, for, if he once reigns in her heart he will reign in her head also; will swiftly win universal dominion."

"I believe, John, that Gertrude will not find your defence more palatable than my attack, since you have based it on what she does not love to hear of—the intellectual inferiority of women; neither is it quite to my taste, since you leave out of view altogether the one power that should harmonize all other contending ones—the power of religion."

"Well, at least you think me right in assigning to love the greater and overbalancing power, when it and ambition clash?"

"Yes, though there certainly have been women who have sacrificed love to ambition, to a low and paltry ambition, too; but perhaps I think all ambition for self is low and paltry. In doing so, they have done violence to nature, and, scorning their true destiny, have for the most part led a miserable and unsatisfactory life; refusing good that lay all around them inviting their acceptance, and making futile and impotent endeavors to reach what was placed beyond the possibility of their grasp. Voluntarily yielding up the power of love, their only true and real power, they cannot gain in its stead the masculine strength which they covet—and so lose all. When love has fled, faith and hope will not linger. A woman who acts thus is like the Dead Sea fruit, a kernless shell, fair-seeming it may be, but empty and hollow. A heartless woman is a lie in the face of nature, and in the sight of God!"

You wax warm and eloquently, Aunt Margaret," said John, with a rather provoking smile.

"I must speak warmly where I feel so deeply, John."

Gertrude had found this last homily quite too

much for her patience, and had made a precipitate and inglorious retreat. Pacing up and down the garden walks, with a tread of such unnecessary energy as made the soft sodden gravel crunch beneath her feet, she strove to recover from her undignified excitement; meanwhile tearing to pieces, with unconscious fingers, the last late rose in the garden, of which, at another time, she would have been as thoughtfully tender as if it had been a sentient thing. At first her mind was full of bitter thoughts; of repinings against things that were, of cravings for things that might have been; of impatience of restraint, longing for perfect freedom; of vague, restless, boundless, daring aspirations; of burning desire to do and to be many great and marvellous things. She almost scorned herself that she was but a woman, but in the same moment resolved so to live that she should become a glory and boast to her sex; a splendid proof of what their so-called weakness might achieve. How? Oh, that is a question with which such daring dreamers do not trouble themselves overmuch. The how is a troublesome inquiry, a practicality about which they will not think now, they put it from them to be answered by the future. Yet Gertrude Elton had many ambitious schemes, broad and vague—self the centre of them all. Her heart beat fast, her cheek burned, her step was hurried and uneven, her keen eye looking far on saw the consummation of toil and endeavor; saw by the flattering vivid light of imagination a glorious life-drama, herself the triumphant queen and heroine. Had it been a wild, windy night, or blowing, boisterous day, she might long have continued to weave such brilliant, glowing, bewildering dream-tissue. But it was a still autumn evening, an evening with no apparent sympathy for anything earthly, save earthly sorrow and decay; and its chill and stillness gradually crept into Gertrude's soul.

Late autumn days, how full they are of quiet, mysterious power! There is something mystic in the very paleness and dimness of their hues. At evening the soul stands before them, awestruck and spell-bound as in a bright, holy, uncomprehended presence. Unearthly whispers, low, faint dirges, are borne along on their stealthy evening winds; ghastly eyes peer forth from their evening shades; ghastly forms enwrap themselves in their white, thin mists. The mere stirring among dead leaves lying thick at our feet seems instinct with meaning and mystery—not the wind stirs them, but some expiring breath, and our souls thrill with awful expectation.

Gertrude was not in the mood to feel the full power of any such quieting influence, yet something of it she did experience. The grand regnant calm rebuked and humbled her, and it was with a slow step and grave face that she turned towards home. The walls of the cottage had in the summer been clothed with luxuriant growing creepers; jasmine, honeysuckle, clematis, and climbing roses had twined loving arms round the old gray stones. One spray of jasmine, lone remnant of the host of starry eyes that gleamed forth months ago, still remained, swinging disconsolately to and fro in every puff of

wind, its brightness tarnished by the damp, November air. It flung itself towards Gertrude as she passed; she could have fancied that it appealed to her for sympathy and protection, so she plucked it, and it was laid with a peacemaking smile in her aunt's lap when she went in.

"See, aunt, I took compassion on the poor lone flower; it looked melancholy out there in the cold. It is not the last rose of summer,"—and she thought with some compunction of the treatment that had received at her hands—"but a still more exclusively summer flower."

"A flag of peace, a white signal, eh, Gertrude?" asked her brother; and her aunt smiled. Gertrude, however, was not to be so soon ruffled again.

A very pleasant place was that parlor at Ash Grove, with its large bow-window, into which the sun seemed always anxious to shine, and its old-fashioned cosy look; the clear, bright fire sent a warm, home-like feeling into Gertrude's heart, chilled as she was by her long musing in the outer air.

Its peacefulness was not broken that evening by any further outbreak of wordy warfare. Soon the clicking of Mrs. Essery's knitting-needles, and the purring of her privileged cat, were the only sounds that disputed the dominion over silence with the monotonous ticking of the old-fashioned, loud-voiced clock in the hall. John, according to his usual custom, left them as soon as tea was over, and went to his own room, where he passed the long evening—often a great part of the night—in the hard, laborious reading of uninviting-looking great volumes, with which that sacred apartment was encumbered. While Gertrude, bringing her books and papers to the room where her aunt sat, was soon too much engrossed by their contents, to utter a word or lift her eyes from their pages. They were certainly not a social party; and good Mrs. Essery often found the long winter days and evenings spent in the house of her student nephew and niece rather tedious and dreary.

The village of Midford, near which Ash Grove was situated, did not offer much society, or opportunity of making friends to Mrs. Essery; nor did it hold out many temptations to John and Gertrude to break through the usual routine of their studious lives. Although near enough London to be convenient for John, who had often business to transact in that centre of perpetual motion, it was far enough off, and sufficiently difficult of approach, to prevent its having yet been transformed from its Old World simplicity and quiet into a fashionable and noisy suburb.

Its seclusion, and that total absence of society which had greatly attracted John towards it, had nevertheless been disadvantageous to him, and still more so to Gertrude. In her shorter life, spent almost wholly in this place, she had little opportunity of associating with her equals and superiors; and this had strengthened the natural tendency of her character to self-reliance and self-sufficiency.

To her brother John, who was nearly ten years older than herself, she indeed looked up with considerable veneration; but his ambition

for her, on whom he looked as a part of himself, and his exaggerated opinion of her really considerable and unusual endowments, caused the influence he had over her to be of anything but a beneficial kind.

CHAPTER II.

"Good news! good news!" cried John Elton, one cold December morning, looking up from a just-opened letter with a radiant smile, that shed an unwonted warmth and brightness over his generally plain and petrified-looking face; "news of an old college friend of whom I have heard nothing for many years—for many years," he repeated, somewhat sadly, as he remembered that he had broken off that friendship which, when he was younger, and it may be happier and warmer-hearted, he had thought of, and spoken of, as one that should prove long as life, strong as death. He called to mind how gradually he had become enwrapped in himself; how his own prospects and career had become all-engrossing, and all things not tending towards one end—his own self-advancement—had been disregarded. Not so plainly did the selfishness of his past life present itself to him, but a faint glimmering of truth shed light enough to show him some facts in disagreeably strong relief. Latterly his devotion to Gertrude's interests had satisfied him of his own magnanimity. At present those interests ran smoothly and tranquilly beside his own, the two almost forming one current. Should the waters of her life, breaking into wild freedom, choose to make for themselves an independent channel, crossing perhaps his own? What then? He did not contemplate such a possibility. Was she not his, moulded according to his will, formed according to his ideal?

"Well, and are you not going to tell us what this news is?" asked at once his aunt and sister. "Who is this friend? What is he? What have you heard about him?—three questions to begin with."

John shook himself out of his reverie with something wonderfully like a sigh.

"His name is Gilbert Karne; he is now in London; but if we can meet with a house likely to suit him and his mother, he will come here early next spring for change of air. His health has been but indifferent lately, and he is ordered into country quarters. By-the-bye, aunt, he says that the fact of your living here, which his mother has just discovered, makes them give Midford, of which they know nothing else, the preference over any other place."

"My living here! What do they know of me?" cried Mrs. Essery, completely bewildered. "Karne," she repeated, in a meditative manner "I think I have heard the name, but I cannot recall where, when, or who bore it; my memory for names, you know, always is bad. Do, John, tell me what you know about this Mrs. Karne?"

"Gilbert writes that you and Mrs. Karne, then Mary Millar, were dear friends and companions at school in girlish days, and that—"

"Mary Millar! oh yes, surely I remember her full well. And she is coming here? Well, strange and improbable things come to pass in this world of ours," was Mrs. Essery's natural, if

not original remark. "Gertrude, you must often have heard me speak of Mary Millar, who married at eighteen, and went to India, where she lost her husband and three eldest children. It is five-and-twenty years since last I heard of her, and I thought she, too, was dead. This Gilbert must be the youngest child, born after his father's death, a baby the last time she wrote. It is strange you should never have spoken of him to me, if he was your friend, John."

"Not very strange, aunt. It was long ago, before you came to live with us, before our mother died, that I knew most of him. We have not corresponded, and I have heard nothing of him for years; and it seems that it is to you I am indebted for this opportunity of renewing the acquaintance. I shall be very glad to see him again. He is older and wiser now, so I daresay we shall suit each other better."

"Now you and Aunt Essery have discussed your reminiscences, it is my turn to put questions, and to have my curiosity, which is of course great, satisfied. What kind of man is this Mr. Karne? Is he clever and cultivated? Did he study hard at college?" questioned Gertrude.

"Is he like his mother, I wonder?" half-mused, half-asked Aunt Margaret. "A noble girl she was, high-spirited, yet gentle; strong-willed and impulsive, and yet ever considerate of the feelings of others."

"One at a time with your questions, ladies; and I think yours ought to be the first turn, Gertrude. Yes, Gilbert Karne was undoubtedly clever, had talent, genius; yet he made no great figure at college; he never could apply himself to regular, hum-drum, hard work; but he thought hard, although he would not read hard, I am sure. He was considered odd and eccentric, I believe; there certainly was a very startling originality about him—so much sincerity and earnestness—that, while I laughed at his simplicity and truthfulness, I was always obliged to respect him. I never felt I quite understood him: often had a kind of uneasy feeling that there was a depth in him I could not fathom; yet he made me love him. The principle of our mutual attachment must have been the unphilosophical one of the attraction of like for unlike." (John had sunk back in his chair, and was evidently more indulging in a retrospective reverie than talking to Gertrude.) "His influence with me was strange and contradictory; he was always talking of earnestness, and urging it upon me as a duty, to do earnestly and with my might whatever I found to do; and yet his society unsettled me; filled me with uneasy doubts as to whether I had taken right views of life; with questionings as to the aim and the end which I had proposed to myself; made me altogether restless and dissatisfied. He was intended for the church. Some scruples, which I thought trivial and unimportant, even then had begun to spring up in his mind concerning his future vocation. I suppose they triumphed in the end, for he has never taken orders. It is a pity, for he was one of the few men fit for a religious teacher, having what one might call a naturally and necessarily religious mind."

"Your answers to my questions have certainly

been long and elaborate, yet I have gathered no very clear idea of the kind of individual described from them. However, I should say that he was wanting in firmness, steadiness, and real decision of character, and therefore rather an object for contempt or pity, than for admiration," decided Gertrude.

"I thought so once, Gertrude, but I believe experience convinced me of the contrary. It was no common degree of firmness that could have kept a young man of his social, mirth-loving character so completely out of all the dissipation then in vogue, and have preserved so susceptible a temperament wholly pure from moral taint. Your patience has been tried, Aunt Essery. I can answer your question, for I once passed a short part of a vacation at Mrs. Karne's house. There was then a very strong likeness between Gilbert's face and his mother's; you could hardly tell in what it lay, for in feature they were not alike. There was something massive, striking, and very noble-looking about Mrs. Karne's head, which was wanting to Gilbert; yet one could not have pronounced her masculine-looking, or Gilbert effeminate. I am no physiognomist, or perhaps I could nicely define the difference."

"Did you see enough of Mrs. Karne to be able to judge whether this likeness was at all of the mind?"

"I should say that there was a strong similarity there too. I remember, among other things, that Gilbert had a very rare and exquisite talent for music, which he had certainly inherited from his mother."

"I long to see them, and judge for myself."

"For my part," said Gertrude, "I do not find John's description so very much to my taste, that I shall suffer much from impatience. I think music rather a useless and frivolous pursuit for a man, whatever it may be for a woman, with nothing better to do."

"O, consistency, consistency, thy name is certainly not woman!" cried John, with a provoking laugh.—"Hear the upholder of equality, and of woman's rights, pronounce music to be a frivolous pursuit for a man, but well enough for a woman!"

"You did not hear me out, John," said Gertrude, with an angry flush reddening her face; "you do not know I was going to qualify my statements; besides, I had already said, for a woman with *nothing better to do*; unfortunately, many women are still included in that denomination, though not all. I never attempt to uphold that women in their present state *are* men's equals, but I would have it known, that they might be, ought to be, and in the *future* shall be."

"Hear, hear," cried John, who, with all his gravity, staidness, and hard-workingness, could, as all men can, be mischievous enough sometimes; "you, Gertrude Elton, will both preach and live this truth, will you not? Nay! nay! I did not mean really to mock you. Seriously, I believe that whatever you *will*, you can do. Be steadfast, and live down the world's scorn, and your brother John's taunts, also."

"But, in defence of my music-loving friend and her son, I must just say," interposed Aunt Margaret, "that this very Gertrude Elton, who

sternly denounces music, is, or might be, if she would, a true musician in soul."

"That is one of the unfounded and paradoxical statements you love to make about me, Aunt Essery!"

"Well, I must be off," said John; "our long breakfast-table chat about the Karnes has broken into the golden hours of the morning."

"Why golden hours? as Peter asks the musicians: 'Music with her silver sound'—why silver sound?"

"Shall I answer you as practically as learned commentators have answered Peter?—golden, because gold-earning hours."

"Your answer is certainly as good as the original, but both are very bad, belonging to this hard and money-making age," pronounced romantic, youthful-hearted Mrs. Essery, as she left the room to set about her household avocations, with joy nestling at her heart, at the prospect of again seeing the dear friend of her youth; and soon after, while nephew and niece had almost entirely forgotten the subject of the morning's conversation, having overlaid it with far weightier matters, she was pouring her feelings out on paper, as rapidly as her somewhat stiff and difficult penmanship permitted—asking questions innumerable, all suggested by a tender, loving interest, and telling, likewise, somewhat of her own lot in life—of its shadows and sunshine—leaving the shadows in the shade, or only using them to bring out more strongly some bright, particular spots of unclouded light. Truly, the swiftness of the pen no more denotes the earnestness of heart that dictates, than does swiftness of speech denote fulness of meaning. Good Mrs. Essery's letter took very long to write; often the pen stopped altogether, the hand being required to wipe tears of affectionate sympathy from the dimmed eyes; at the best, it travelled but slowly; while John's scraped and scratched rapidly over the broad sheets, as he elaborated a critical paper for some Quarterly Review.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed at the village of Midford, as pass it will, whether we regard it as an exacting, tyrannous, and unrelenting master—breaking our wills—oppressing us—binding heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, upon our shoulders—fixing us by chains that can only be broken by death, to his iron-wheeled chariot, chains of days, weeks, months, and years;—or as a useful, trusty, but not pliable, or easy-to-be-entreated servant, a true minister unto us, helping us along life's road—not allowing us to pause to pluck all the flowers that grow by the wayside, thus preserving us from the sting of serpents lurking beneath them—not suffering us to take much repose now while it is day, but steadily bearing us on to a safe and enduring rest, to a quiet place where we may spend the night, during which no man can work.

To Mrs. Essery, the three months that elapsed ere she could begin to expect the arrival of the Karnes seemed very long. Never before had Aunt Margaret been known to show so much impatience of the protracted lingering of winter.

Yet, she found numberless little labors of love to perform in and about the house she had chosen for her friends. Not that there was very much choice in the matter. Midford did not boast of more than three uninhabited dwellings. Of these, one was a very small and inconvenient tenement, pretty enough externally, but with nothing but that outward prettiness to recommend it. Another was a large, rambling farm-house, which, having somehow, quite innocently and unconsciously, acquired the reputation of being haunted, had, in consequence of this evil reputation, fallen into disrepair, and become so dilapidated, that to make it fit for the reception of creatures yet clothed in flesh, and subject to the ills that flesh is heir to, would have taken a much longer time, and required a much larger expenditure, than Aunt Margaret would be willing to wait, or the Karnes to afford. The third and chosen mansion was unobjectionable in every way, except that it was rather too far from Ash Grove, to please the affectionate, and not very active, Mrs. Essery. It was on the hill, or slope, as we inhabitants of really hilly districts should call it, just opposite the one on which Ash Grove was situated. The garden, orchards, and field, to walk down; the little stream to cross, on a bridge of rather primitive construction; and then the two steep fields and the long fir-tree walk to ascend—these seemed formidable obstacles to Mrs. Essery. However, love can lend feet, if not, as has often been asserted, wings; and Aunt Margaret soon became comparatively an accomplished walker.

Spring came at length, and spring at Midford was very lovely, as where is it not? The east winds had at last departed, and the morning brightness was not the cold mockery it had so long been. There was real warmth in the sunshine, real softness in the wind. Spring flowers were showing bravely in the borders of the garden, at Ash Grove, and their scent came pleasantly in at the open window of the pretty breakfast parlor. From the greening, tasselled larches, sparkling drops fell, as the light west wind shook the night's rain from their tresses; that same sweet west wind brushed the too heavy moisture from many an opening bud and blossom; raised many a bowed-down head; made everything radiant and smiling. Even the stern old Scotch fir, the grim warder of the place, seemed penetrated and mollified by that soft wind and the warm sun; its dusky, many-fingered hands caught some little lustre from the rain-drops and the light, and it stretched them forth benignantly to receive the spring's benediction, and to bestow its own upon humble things below; spring-life had thrilled through its dark and sluggish sap; and the flowers, light-hued, delicate, and fragile, that clustered at its feet might, this smiling morn, have looked up to its dusky head with not less reverence, but with less awe and fear, than seemed their wont. Yes, the old tree's fingers pointed less mockingly and scornfully, and were held up less menacingly, than usual, though the light larches did waver to and fro most wantonly and needlessly, and bow, and beckon, and whisper saucily, taunting the tender, timid ash-trees with their yet black buds

and bare branches. The orchards, too, were whitening, not with age, but with renewed youth; the snows of early pear and plum blossoms lay thick upon the shaggy heads of moss-grown trees, floated upon the wind, and flitted softly down, to deck the green grass with pearl-hued petals. The murmur of the stream in the bottom of the little valley, and the soft, satisfied cooing of Mrs. Essery's pigeons and doves, set to soft music the gentle movement of the scene.

With her loving face, as bright and fresh as the morning, Aunt Margaret obeyed the summons of the breakfast bell. "A beautiful morning for our travellers," she exclaimed, as she met John and Gertrude.

"Our travellers! Is it to-day they are coming? Yes, this is the 5th of April, to be sure; I had quite forgotten they were coming to-day, though!" said John.

"So had I," said Gertrude; "or rather I don't think that I ever knew exactly when they were expected."

John continued, thinking aloud, "And so my old friend Gilbert Karne will be here to-day. Is he altered much, I wonder? It is long ago, long ago; will he find me altered? Am I altered? Well! wondering is a very unprofitable employment!" He said this with a real and most undoubted sigh. Why should John Elton sigh? Surely he has no cause. If he is changed he cannot help that; do we not all change? His hair is turning gray early; he has lost much of the freshness of early manhood before his time. But has he not achieved much? Has he not mounted the steep and rugged hill; and does he not now walk with comparative ease along the high road leading to fame and fortune? And what has he lost? Surely nothing worth the keeping. Once, long ago, a precious jewel lay at his feet; it would have hindered his onward course to have stopped to pick it up, and bestow it away carefully, heedfully, as it deserved; so he set his foot upon it, and crushed it. Does its dust cleave to him still? Once, long ago, there met him upon his way one who offered him a staff—he was strong, young, and active; he scorned it, and refused its aid. Does he want it to lean on now?"

"You will go with me this evening to meet the coach, will you not?" asked Aunt Margaret; "At six o'clock, I think, it generally passes."

"Certainly, and then we must go up to Beech Cottage, to do its honors to our friends. By-the-by, is it ready for them? I am sorry I have not thought to go and see, but really I had no idea the time of their coming was drawing so near."

"Yes, I have seen everything made comfortable; I have had nothing else to do, you know. I do not think they will find anything essential wanting."

"Mrs. Essery did not tell them how it had been her habit for the last six weeks to go there, every day that she could possibly get out, always finding, or fancying that something more remained to do in the way of arrangement and rearrangement; nor how she, and the boy who was gardener at Ash Grove, had restored order to the chaos of the neglected garden, having had a re-

gular and fatiguing campaign with certain encroaching and hard-to-be-eradicated weeds, which, having taken firm possession of the soil, were very loth to leave it.

"Can you spare time to walk over with me this morning, Gertrude, and see all my arrangements? I am anxious to have another opinion concerning them; you may be able to suggest some improvement. Now, don't say nay; such a lovely morning, it is a shame to stay in the house. I am sure a walk will do you good."

"If you really wish it, aunt, of course I will go. But I have much to do this morning. John said he wanted me to—"

"Never mind me—go," said John, for once interposing in favor of idleness.

"Perhaps you can manage to oblige us both, dear; I will wait till the afternoon, if you like."

And so it was settled; but Mrs. Essery did not find it easy to be patient that morning; she longed to be going to see how everything was looking. She settled herself in her usual seat in the sunny window, and took out her work; Aunt Margaret had always plenty of work to do. That pleasant seat was a place from which she did not generally move for any light matter or trifling inducement; this morning it could not have been as comfortable as usual—at all events it could not retain her for many minutes together. She puzzled herself to try and remember something forgotten, or to discover anything further she could possibly do for the adornment of the house. She robbed the garden of all its early treasures, calling to mind how dear Mary had always loved to have flowers in her room, and how, especially, she had loved the delicate spring-blossoms. So the Ash Grove garden was despoiled of its gems, for those at Beech Cottage were to be plucked by no hands save their mistress's. At last the afternoon came, and Gertrude was ready—she was never unpunctual. Any one would have been struck by the contrast between aunt and niece, as they walked together. Gertrude was tall and stately, with a queenlike dignity in her manner; her hair was very dark; and her eyes had a depth of shadow in them that made them, too, look dark, though, when seen in bright light, and wide-opened, which they seldom were, they were of a violet blue. Mrs. Essery was small and fragile-looking; fair, with light brown hair, and meek, kind, brown eyes. But, to any one looking beneath the surface, looking on the outward as but a faint type of the inward, a more subtle contrast would have been visible. There was a want of quiet and repose about Gertrude that typified an incomplete, imperfect, and unharmonized inner life; it is true she was dignified and queenly-looking, but it was in what might be called almost a savage way; of true christian dignity—the dignity of repose—Mrs. Essery had by far the greater share.

Even Gertrude's step now, walking slower than her wont, accommodating her pace to her aunt's, betrays impatience and impetuosity, curbed, however, by a strong effort of will. There is superfluous energy about her—what she does she certainly does with all her might, and that might is often greater than the occasion requires. Had her figure been less light and graceful, this con-

stant effort and self-consciousness would certainly have laid her open to the charge of awkwardness.

"Are you not curious to see our new neighbors, Gertrude?" asked Aunt Margaret, making the while vain endeavors to keep step with her niece.

"To tell the truth, aunt, I have been too busy to indulge curiosity; John always keeps me very fully employed, you know; but now you have beguiled me into idleness, no doubt that dangerous foe of idle people will attack me. I shall be much interested in seeing your old friend, aunt," she added sweetly. Gertrude could be very sweet sometimes; and the spring beauty that had mollified the grim old fir might well soften her young spirit.

"Thank you, dear; I am sure you will soon learn to love her, if," she added, smiling, "you will allow yourself time to do so. She will suit you and understand you better than I do; she was always more quick and clever; indeed, I do not know what could have made her love me as she did; she was greatly my superior in every way."

Gertrude knew her aunt's simplicity and sincerity too well to answer these self-depreciating remarks by any of those compliments they are generally calculated to elicit; but, though she said nothing, she thought it by no means wonderful that Aunt Margaret should be loved by any one who had been able to know her well. She could feel and admire the beauty of Mrs. Essery's character; the more easily, it may be, because she looked upon herself as of quite a different order of being, and, consequently, had never dreamed of imitating what she could appreciate in another.

"What a beautiful situation it is!" she exclaimed, as they emerged from the little fir-wood, and the house was full in sight. "The house, too, is a much larger and better one than I had imagined: that must be a charming room, with windows down to the ground."

Mrs. Essery was panting to look back and take breath, after having mounted the hill with unusual rapidity, and Gertrude continued her inspection.

"But look, aunt," she continued, "surely there is some one in the garden."

"It can be no one but the servant, who has been there for the last month to take care of the house, and who is to stay if Mrs. Karne likes her. Or perhaps the boy, just finishing up the garden," answered Mrs. Essery, turning round quickly.

"No! It is a lady, in a widow's cap, too; it must surely be Mrs. Karne; a gentleman has just crossed the lawn, and is speaking to her. Why, they must have come by the morning coach; how early they must have had to rise! How could they find the house, though?"

"Oh, I mentioned the name; besides, all the village of Midford has long been aware that they were expected. Come, let us walk quickly; they have not seen us yet."

It proved that the lady and gentleman were really Mrs. and Mr. Karne, and that they had arrived that morning, as Gertrude surmised.

Delight and surprise at meeting them so unexpectedly, mingling with disappointment at not having been ready to receive them, and fear that *something*—a mysterious important *something*—might still be wanting to their comfort, together with loss of breath from her hurried walk, completely bewildered poor Mrs. Essery. For a few minutes she knew little what she said or did, and broken exclamations and ejaculations of welcome and delight were all that passed. It is possible that each of the friends experienced at first some surprise and disappointment, being unprepared for so great a change in the other, though conscious how much time had told upon herself; but soon, when mutual and most hearty and heartfelt greetings had been exchanged, unchanged love shed the old, well-remembered light upon changed features, and each could recognize the old expression in the new face.

Mrs. Karne was a truly noble-looking woman. There was no—what novelists call—traces of former beauty about her face. In youth she had never been either beautiful or pretty; had often been pronounced plain. Her broad, full brow, which had never "been smooth as Parian marble;" her deep serene eyes, which had never been "of dazzling lustre;" her rather stern mouth, which had never been "rose-hued," had more than gained in expression what they had lost in tint and brightness. Hers was one of those faces which, plain, though interesting, in youth, when played upon by a changeable, unsatisfied, ardent spirit, become grand—almost beautiful—when a soul that has been tried, purified, high perfected, shines from it calmly and steadily.

Mrs. Karne was the first to remember that her son and her friend's niece were present, and as yet unnoticed. Neither had, however, felt impatient of the long duration of greetings from which they had been excluded; they had found full and pleasant occupation in watching the meeting of the two friends. Gertrude, having for once completely lost her self-consciousness, stood leaning over the little garden gate, deeply interested in the display of such fresh, warm, youthful feeling from two staid, middle-aged women, and looking with great admiration at Mrs. Karne's fine intellectual head, pondered over many traits of character she had heard of the high-spirited, rather unmanageable Mary Millar, and endeavored to reconcile them with the quiet strength and force she thought she could read in the face of the widowed Mrs. Karne. What the nature of Gilbert Karne's thoughts might be, it is not easy to say; he had certainly been occupied part of the time in trying to discover in Gertrude some likeness to his old friend, John Elton. On his mother's turning to him, remarking that she had not yet introduced him, he came frankly forward, and shaking hands warmly and affectionately with Mrs. Essery, said: "I know you so well already, from often hearing of you from my mother, that I shall soon be able to forget we are personal strangers; I trust you will do the same. By Miss Elton, too," he continued, turning to Gertrude, "I shall hope soon to be considered as an old friend, in virtue of bygone years spent with her brother; to whom, though, as I recollect him, I cannot discover much likeness."

"No, there is but very little resemblance between my nephew and niece. John is much like what his father was, while Gertrude bears a still stronger likeness to her mother, my sister Kate. Mary, I think you knew her slightly?"

"I saw her more than once, I think, and have often heard of her. Gilbert is much like his father; people call him like me, but he is both physically and mentally far more like Colonel Karne."

Gertrude had bestowed one quick, searching glance upon Mr. Karne, and had at once formed her own estimate of his character and capabilities. In his low, strait brow, she owned that there was considerable intellectual development, but rather, she thought, of the imaginative faculties, which she was inclined to despise, than of the solid and more practically valuable ones which she prized. In the somewhat dreamy and melancholy expression of his deep-set, indescribable colored eyes, she saw a confirmation of this opinion. There was something effeminate and displeasing to her also in the peculiar fall of a wave of soft, brown hair that continually drooped over his eyes, and in the gesture with which it was pushed back. His mouth, she owned, was beautiful; and the rare, quick, fleeting smile, his closed teeth of imitable pearl-white, and of irreproachable regularity; but in the lines of that mouth she fancied she could read weakness, irresolution, infirmity of purpose, together with a sensitiveness far from being manly. His head, altogether, she thought too small; his figure too fragile; and in his movements there was a languor and listlessness she was inclined to ascribe to habitual indolence, rather than to the ill health of which his mother had spoken. There was a want of strength and breadth about him. On the whole, Gertrude had formed anything but a flattering estimate of Gilbert Karne, and was inclined accordingly to treat him with very little ceremony or consideration.

"Is your brother at home to-day, Miss Elton? Ever since we came this morning I have been going to try and find him out. You may imagine that I am anxious to see him; but my mother has detained me, wanting my opinion about this, that, and everything. My mother spoils me, you must know, Mrs. Essery."

"I should think it very likely," answered Gertrude gravely. Already she had discovered in his words a strong confirmation of her opinion that he must be wanting in resolution.

"You must not begin to judge harshly of me so soon," Miss Elton, he answered, with a smile, at the evident sincerity of her reply. "But, about your brother, is he much altered of late, much aged since I knew him, should you think? It is a long time since, and seems much longer; he must be past thirty now; we are both growing quite old," he said with a sigh.

Gertrude hated sighing, and despised those who indulged in so idle, silly, and sentimental a habit. "Really," she answered, "I am not a competent judge of any change that may have taken place in my brother since you knew him. At that time he looked upon me as a mere child, and we did not see much of one another.

Elder brothers do not generally trouble themselves much about their little sisters, you know."

"Unhappily I do not know; I am so unfortunate as never to have experienced what it was to have a sister. But I think you do John injustice. "My little sister,"—our little Gertrude,"—her present intelligence, and promise of future talent, he often spoke of. Your name was long ago familiar to me."

"Indeed! I thought young men at college—at least, young men of John's studious disposition and earnestness—had little time or inclination for trifling conversation."

"John is much changed, if he would consider home and friends trifling subjects of conversation," said Mr. Karne, gravely. "I fancy, Miss Elton, that you, never having been long exiled from your home, know nothing of the intense feeling of home sickness, of the fascination that lingers about the very word home, for those who are long absent from it."

"I fancy from what your recollections, or imagined recollections of John appear to be, that you will find he is much changed since you knew him."

"Not so much but that he will be delighted at seeing his old friend, and hurt if you long delay going to him," interrupted Mrs. Essery, who fancied from the somewhat contemptuous expression of Gertrude's face that things were not going very smoothly.

Gertrude took the opportunity of turning from the son to the mother, to propose that, if she were not too tired from her journey and early rising, they should all walk to Ash Grove together.

"Not at all tired, and quite ready," answered Mrs. Karne, and drawing Gertrude's arm through her own, they walked on first.

"I shall not rest till I have climbed those far blue hills, Miss Elton; I am as anxious as a child to see what is on the other side. Is not the view very fine?"

"Yes, it is a glorious view," answered Gertrude; "I am glad you share my liking for hill-climbing, Mrs. Karne. I never have loved valleys, shady lanes, and lowly places; they often seem to stifle me. The fresh wind on a hill-top, or the breeze that sweeps over the sea, seems to give me new life and strength."

"Yes, I love the hills best, even now; but I have far more patience with, and delight in, what is lovely and lowly than I had when I was young. As we grow older, calm suits us best; we incline to the smooth, easy ways, and become ignobly content with the valley," said Mrs. Karne, with a smile. "Nevertheless, I must climb those hills before long."

"There is something so glorious in having a scene stretch round you, bounded by nothing but your own capability of vision; in breathing an air so fresh and pure, that you can fancy it has never been tainted by human breath; in standing on a spot so high and so solitary, that you can imagine mortal feet have never crushed that turf before."

"It is delightful, and makes even my old blood dance through my veins. But, dear Miss Elton,

I do not like the idea that the breath of a fellow creature need *taint* the air. Are we so much purer and holier than others?"

Gertrude colored; something in Mrs. Karne had tempted her to break through her usual fence of reserve, and to speak warmly and enthusiastically as she felt; now it seemed to her as if her trust had been betrayed, and she had been attacked through a gap she had opened to a supposed friend. She made no immediate reply to Mrs. Karne's remark, and their talk during the remainder of the way was constrained. It was a trouble to Gertrude to keep up an ordinary conversation; she never had any of the "small change" of talk, which comes so readily and pleasantly from most women. Something within seemed to her to mock and scorn at the commonplace observations and trifling remarks that must make so large a part of the conversation between two people who have not much in common. It was a relief to her when they neared the house, and stopped for Mrs. Essery and Mr. Karne to overtake them.

"Dawdling as usual, Margaret? The old, old habit," cried Mrs. Karne, laughing. "Do you remember how impatient you used to make me when, as girls, we walked together? You were always stopping to grope in the hedges, while I was all anxiety to get on. I have learned patience now though, I believe."

John Elton—when the privileged Gertrude had hunted him up, and he had with some difficulty extricated himself from among the ponderous tomes which surrounded him—met his friend's hearty greeting, and returned it with a very tolerably good grace; though had the travellers come just when he expected them, and had he met them just as he had planned to do, he would have found it easier to be cordial.—There is nothing that people of formal and mechanical ways, particularly men just falling into what are called "bachelor habits," hate so much as being taken by surprise.

There was a very striking contrast, between the two friends, as they stood together in the bright, truth-telling sun-light that poured into the room. Perhaps Gertrude felt it a painful one; at all events she hastened to let down the green blinds, though generally she loved a bright, broad light.

John Elton looked unusually dried-up, dusty, and knowledge-laden. Gilbert Karne was but a

few years younger; there surely must have been some secret of youthfulness in his heart or soul, which John did not possess; so young he looked as, his face lighted up with genuine affection and joy, he wrung John's large, hard hand again and again, exclaiming, "The same wise, old philosopher; the very same slovenly, beslippered fellow as ever, John; the very same familiarly-ugly dressing-gown, too, I do believe; and the same, the very same warm heart beneath it, I hope."

"The same; yes, I hope the same," John answered, slowly; then, drawing away his hand and shaking it, he said, "You, at least, meant to assure yourself of the identity of my hand, you squeezed it hard enough, wonderfully strong fingers are those of yours, my dear Gilbert."

Gilbert laughed; and Gertrude's eyes glanced at the hand which had so energetically squeezed her brother's.

It was a hand with little outward show of strength; small, thin, transparent looking, with fingers almost as white and taper as her own. She smiled scornfully; remembering what she had heard from John, of the course of gloving, by which some young fops attempted to insure the possessing "that sign-manual of aristocratic birth."

Aunt Margaret's eyes had taken the same direction, and she sighed gently, thinking of the delicacy betokened by that thin, blue-veined hand.

Gertrude had resigned herself to the sacrifice of the remainder of this day to the Karnes, strenuously resolving, that she would not allow them often to interrupt her studies, but would resolutely refuse all solicitations to break in upon the precious morning hours; not that she expected such solicitations from Mr. Karne, who, she thought, and was well satisfied that it would be so, must have been repelled by her abrupt manner; but Mrs. Karne, she was sure, would soon enter into a league with Aunt Margaret to try and tempt her into occasional idleness. It had been settled between her brother and herself, that the result of studious years, of early, precious years, should soon be given to the world—that her first book should be published soon. Her brother's already-attained high position enabled him to free Gertrude's path from many of the obstacles that lie thick in the way of young and unbefriended pilgrims to the temple of Fame, and her *début* was to be a great triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIEUT-GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS.

THE following letter has been addressed to Lady Evans by the Duke of Newcastle:—

"Downing-street, Nov. 22.

"Madam—I trust you will not consider me intrusive or impertinent, but I cannot resist the temptation of congratulating you, from my heart, upon the record of this day's Gazette, of an act of the truest heroism and finest chivalry, on the part of Sir De Lacy Evans.

"All know him to be a gallant soldier, but I know nothing more noble in the records of war,

than a veteran General rising from his bed of sickness at the sound of a battle, hurrying to his troops, and, instead of claiming his right to command them, resolving not to supersede the junior who was winning the laurels of the day, but remaining at his side, aiding him with his advice, and assisting him as if he were his aid-camp.

"God grant him a safe return in good time!

"I have the honor to be, Madam,

"Your very obedient servant,

"NEWCASTLE.

"Lady Evans."

From the Examiner.

Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox. Edited by Lord John Russell. Vols. I, II, III. Bentley.

THE first and second volumes of this publication were the result of the labor of three hands. The late Lord Holland, designing to write a Life of Mr. Fox, had arranged much of his matter, and connected many of the earlier documents relating to his subject, by a chain of comment and explanation which no one was so capable of satisfactorily supplying. To Fox he had been the most beloved of nephews, and he had enjoyed the fullest measure of his uncle's confidence. But though the materials for the proposed biography were well nigh complete, the arrangement of them by Lord Holland in a connected form, by help of his running notes and comments, did not extend far. After Lord Holland's death the whole work had again to be gone over by Mr. Allen, who interpolated connecting sentences and explanatory paragraphs. But Mr. Allen's work, also, was arrested very nearly where Lord Holland's had ceased, and the completion of the undertaking devolved by Lord Holland's original wish, and by the ultimate bequest of Lady Holland, upon Lord John Russell. The Memorials were for a third time revised from the commencement, and the first two volumes of them, published in 1853, contained paragraphs by Lord Holland, Mr. Allen, and the present editor, grafted one upon another; indicated by brackets, asterisks, and signatures of V. H.; and with the further signature of H. W. attached to very many passages from Horace Walpole, which Lord Holland had marked for citation. The value of the work as a mine of material was in this way increased, but its effect upon the reader was much impaired.

But with the two volumes thus published last year, all confusedness of style arising from this source is at an end. Beyond those volumes the Fox papers come to us unedited either by Lord Holland or Mr. Allen. Lord John Russell is now the sole editor. We have much to regret in the loss of the great mass of additional illustration which the earlier collectors would best have been able to supply; but on the other hand, we gain by the simplicity and clearness of treatment which is likely to characterize the arrangement of the remaining series of documents. Nothing could be better in this respect than the third volume now before us, which includes the period of Fox's life extending from the end of 1792 to the spring of 1804.

In the former volumes Fox was presented to us as a wonderfully clever boy, spoiled by the fondness of his parents, but remarkable even while very young for his clear judgment,

his taste for poetry, his care and carefulness over rhymes of his own both in French and English, his love of pleasure, and that peculiarity of character "which led him, many years afterwards, when asked how he contrived, being so corpulent, to pick up the cut balls at tennis so well, to answer playfully, 'because I am a very painstaking man.'" At the age of sixteen, the taste for poetry by which he was distinguished throughout life, was already so clear that we find him writing from Oxford to his friend Sir George Macartney (then in Russia): "If there were any way of sending you pamphlets, I would send you a new poem called the *Traveller*, which appears to me to have a great deal of merit. I do not know anything else that I would advise you to read if you were here, though there have been two or three political pamphlets much admired. From the age of sixteen to the age of twenty-four we find his letters largely occupied with illustrations of the strong delight taken by him in private theatricals. That his power as a speaker in the House of Commons was not the less for a resolute determination to achieve it, backed by an eight years' study of declamation, it is easy to believe.

Returned for Midhurst when he was but nineteen years and four months old, Fox delivered his maiden speech at twenty, and when he stood up made so striking a figure, that an artist in the gallery, where paper and note-books were contraband, tore off a piece of his shirt on which to make a sketch of the spirited, dark-featured young man, with pencil or burnt stick, which he tried afterwards to finish at his lodgings. This memorial is now at Holland House.

The figure made by Fox at the same time as a debater was not less remarkable. Sir Richard Heron wrote on the 9th of May, 1769, to Sir Charles Bunbury, who then was at Paris, "Mr. Charles Fox, who I suppose was your school-fellow, and who is but twenty, made a great figure in the debate last night upon the petition of the Middlesex freeholders. He spoke with great spirit, in very parliamentary language, and entered very deeply into the question of our constitutional principles." He answered Burke in that debate, and in a way that extorted from Horace Walpole enthusiastic commendation of his great quickness and parts. Next year Walpole records, that on the 25th of January, "Young Charles Fox, of age the day before, started up and entirely confuted Wedderburne even in law, producing a case decided in the courts below but the last year, and exactly similar to that of Wilkes. The court, he said, had no precedent, but had gone on analogy. The house roared with applause."

Of Fox's early dissipations all the world has

heard. Every one knows of his gambling debts, and of the youthful profligacy, which, by making him the victim of a certain Mrs. Grieve, gave him a place in Foote's comedy of the *Cozeners*. When he first entered Parliament the Duke of Grafton was minister, and the young member with his father was a supporter of the Government. A month after the speech in which he had confuted Wedderburne, a month after he was of age, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty in connection with the ministry of Lord North, who succeeded at about that time to the Duke of Grafton. Fox's mother wrote at the same time with a fond pride that was by no means without ample justification, "I hope Lord North has courage and resolution. Charles being connected with him pleases me mightily. I have formed a high opinion of his Lordship, and my Charles will, I dare say, inspire him with courage."

Two years afterwards, early in 1772, Fox resigned his place at the Admiralty, partly because he was dissatisfied with the amount of confidence and attention received by him from Lord North, but chiefly because he was determined to oppose the Royal Marriage Act, and thought it improper to do so while still holding place. Against the Royal Bill, which was one of the King's own planning, the main opposition consisted, according to Walpole, of "Charles Fox's logic, with Burke's oratory, and Conway's energy." Remarkable even so early for the calm judgment of a statesman, the vigor of Fox's youth was passing all this time, through a stage of the most active fermentation. On the 7th of April he moved for leave to bring in a bill to correct the old marriage bill, and, in carrying his motion, beat the ministers by a majority of one. Yet we learn that "he was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds on the preceding day; he had stopped at Hockerel, where he found company, had sat up all night drinking, and had not been in bed when he came to move his bill, which he had not even drawn up."

It is by no means our purpose to narrate in succession the principal events in the career of Fox. We have shown the character of his youth, and how strong must have been what was good in him not to be utterly abased by what was bad. At the age of twenty-four his father's estate became charged with debts to the amount of 140,000*l.* incurred by him. At the age of twenty-five his father died. But the son was not tending towards ruin. True man at heart, the fermentation of his spirit ran its course, and left his mind in middle life clear, strong, and pure. It is of great interest to compare the wise work done by Fox in his youth with the scenes of gambling and of

wild festivity which were at the same time so vigorously and so foolishly enjoyed. But it is even more interesting to compare this period of youth with the years of maturity described in the third volume of these memorials.

Of the two volumes previously issued we must say but little more. They added much to our minute knowledge of affairs connected with the administrations of Lord North, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Lord Shelburne, and of the position of Fox in the House of Commons during those periods, whether as a member of the ministry or of the opposition. They told much that was new of the decay of the Shelburne ministry, of the ill-fated coalition of Lord North and Fox, and of the dislike of the King for the great Whig Statesman. Lord John Townshend's father told Lord Holland "he had always foreseen the Coalition Ministry could not last, for he was at Court when Mr. Fox kissed hands, and he observed George III. turn back his ears and eyes just like the horse at Astley's, when the tailor he is determined to throw was getting upon him." Fox himself, who was thirty-four years old, Horace Walpole pictured at that time as lodging in St. James's street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, having "a levee of his followers, and of the members of the gaming club at Brookes's—all his disciples. His bristly black person and shagged breast, quite open and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled."

It was then that the King offered the premiership to Mr. Pitt, a youth of twenty-three, who thought it as offered, not worth his acceptance. The Duke of Portland formed a ministry, and Fox, in spite of the King's displeasure, became one of the Secretaries of State. Yet, admitted the King of his new Secretary, he had always known that he was a gentleman, and it was some comfort, under any circumstances, to transact business with a person meriting that appellation.

However much devoted to pleasure, and even when he did not abate a jot in his enjoyment of it, Fox devoted always a full measure of hard work to his official duties. He might have been, as all the world knows, nothing more (and, one might say, what could be in this life greater?) than an indefatigable statesman of the strictest probity, and the most enlightened and liberal desires. Opposed to the slave trade, opposed to the principle of Protection, opposed to the wild war into which England plunged during his time,—a man who knew better than most of his contemporaries what was really meant by the French Revolution,—an advocate of Catholic emancipation,—a man convinced that the safe progress of his country was to be secured only

by Parliamentary Reform,—trusted by the wise for his judgment, and beloved of all who worked with him for his kindness and generosity of disposition,—in counsel full of prudence, in debate without a rival,—there might have been nothing in Fox but the great statesman, and his life would have been sufficient for an enviable and enduring fame.—But he was more. In the year with which the first two volumes of these Memorials closed, Fox had ruined himself for some time as a minister and politician by the boldness of his India Bill. His political power, and much of his influence, for a time had departed, but with them could not depart the essential truth, reality, and interest of the man. In this third volume of his correspondence we resume our acquaintance with him, at the age of forty-three, a mere private gentleman, and member of the House of Commons, living contemporarily with the terrible events of the Revolution in France. In this country the power of Pitt was then in the ascendant. Fox was content to speak and act in public only when he felt that by so doing he could effect any public good. It did not even seem to him that this was frequently the case, and thus there remained to him much leisure for the pursuance of his private tastes. But these more than suffice to make him infinitely attractive to us.

The letters contained in the present volume are very judiciously divided into two distinct sets, each ranging over the same period. In the first series are contained Mr. Fox's letters to the "young one," or "young 'un," his nephew the late Lord Holland, who was during a considerable part of the time engaged in foreign travel. The second series contains letters to other friends and to political associates. In the first series we see the complete man displaying his whole character to a favorite member of his family; in the second, we see those aspects of himself which he turned towards the world. Between the two pictures there is no discordance. The character of Fox is raised by a comparison between them. Each series is prefaced by Lord John Russell, who supplies with admirable tact and judgment whatever statements and considerations are necessary to a proper understanding of the letters, which are then left to succeed each other uninterrupted except by footnotes attached to single passages, and in which the editor has had assistance from a friend. The position of Mr. Fox at this time, both political and social, is most ably and worthily told by Lord John Russell; but we can borrow only a brief passage.

From this time Mr. Fox found himself the leader of a small party, who were defeated in every division; but their masterly abilities, the vigor of their speeches, and their devotion to

Mr. Fox, gave a splendor to their light which neither power, nor popular frenzy, nor laws against sedition, could weaken or extinguish.—At no time did the energy, the logic, the fancy of Mr. Fox appear to the world with greater lustre; at no time did the warmth of his heart, the sweetness of his temper, and the refinement of his taste, give such tranquillity to his home. At a period when the prospects of office nearly vanished from his sight; when calumny loved to point at him as a man of disordered ambition and criminal designs, he was busy in the study of Homer or lounging carelessly through his garden, and expressing to his beloved nephew the full sense of his happiness and content. The trees and the flowers, the birds and the fresh breezes gave him an intense enjoyment, which those who knew his former life of politics and of pleasure could hardly have imagined. To the capacious benevolence which longed to strike the chains from the African slave, he joined a daily practice of all the charities of life, and a perception of the beautiful in nature, in literature, and in art, which was a source of constant enjoyment. With a simplicity of manners rare in great statesmen, he united views the most profound, and a feeling heart which calumny could not embitter, nor years make cold, nor the world harden.

We have seen, in the former volumes, the desolate life in which Mr. Fox became involved.—Amid the indulgences of a wandering fancy and violent passions he formed a lasting attachment. Mrs. Armistead, who lived with him as his mistress, became his wife in the year 1795. Fortunately she was endowed with strong affection, good sense, and an unbounded devotion to Mr. Fox.

We turn to the letters, which display the great liberal statesman in his home at St. Anne's Hill. The excesses which had been but signs of a disease attendant on the very vigor of his mind were past. All that had been good in him remained and ripened. His old love of poetry remained. His delight in the great writers of antiquity was improved and extended. His old spirit of painstaking remained, and was carried into new fields. Writing to his young 'un at Barcelona, he surprises him by breaking out into Spanish, which he had learnt, by the aid of a grammar and *Don Quixote*, to write with much correctness. That knowledge he followed up, and acquired thereby no inconsiderable acquaintance with the Spanish literature. French he spoke perfectly, in spite of the hint to the contrary by Napoleon, who to the last pronounced it like a foreigner. In Italian poetry he was well read, and had an extreme liking for Ariosto. He not only had a distinctive as well as a good taste, but could account for it by a shrewd analysis of his own character; and would explain his excessive delight in Ariosto, for example, by the fact of his holding the mere merit of freedom and rapidity in higher estimation than most people.

As we hope to return to this work, we shall be content now with a few quotations from its pages. Here is a passage referring, in a fine spirit, to the French Revolution : —

I do not know whether there is not some comfort in seeing that while the French are doing all in their power to make the name of liberty odious to the world, the despots are conducting themselves so as to show that tyranny is worse. I believe the love of political liberty is not an error; but, if it is one, I am sure I never shall be converted from it—and I hope you never will.—If it be an illusion, it is one that has brought forth more of the best qualities and exertions of the human mind than all other causes put together; and it serves to give an interest in the affairs of the world which, without it, would be insipid; but it is unnecessary to preach to you upon this subject.

Upon the Scotch sentences of transportation for fourteen years, on Muir and Palmer, Fox wrote to his nephew thus : —

You will easily believe I shall not acquiesce in this tyranny without an effort, but I am far from sanguine as to success. We live in times of violence and of extremes, and all those who are for creating, or even for retaining, checks upon power, are considered as enemies to order.—However, one must do one's duty, and one must endeavor to do it without passion, but everything in Europe appears, to my ideas, so monstrous, that it is difficult to think of things calmly, even alone, much more to discuss them so, when heated by dispute. Good God! that a man should be sent to Botany Bay for advising another to read Paine's book, or for reading the Irish address at a public meeting! for these are the charges against Muir, and the first of them is I think not satisfactorily proved.

* *On tremble en comparant l'offense et le supplice.*"

Let us add this from another letter, still to the same correspondent : —

However, in these bad times, here am I with Liz, enjoying the fine weather, the beauty and (not its least beauty) the idleness of this place, as much as if these horrors were not going on.—When one has done all one can, as I think I have, to prevent mischief, one has a right I think to forget its existence if one is happily situated, so as not to be within its reach; and, indeed, I could not name any time of my life when I was happier than I am now, but I do not believe I should be so, if I had acted otherwise than I have done.

Upon the advantages of party, in politics, Fox wrote : —

The question upon the solution of which, in my opinion, principally depends the utility of party, is, in what situations are men most or

least likely to act corruptly—in a party, or insulated? and of this I think there can be no doubt. There is no man so pure who is not more or less influenced, in a doubtful case, by the interest of his fortune or his ambition. If, therefore, upon every question a man has to decide, this influence will have so many frequent opportunities of exerting itself that it will in most cases ultimately prevail; whereas, if a man has once engaged in a party the occasions for new decisions are more rare, and consequently these corrupt influences operate less. This reasoning is much strengthened when you consider that many men's minds are so framed that, in a question at all dubious, they are incapable of any decision; some, from narrowness of understanding, not seeing the point of the question at all; others, from refinement, seeing so much on both sides, that they do not know how to balance the account. Such persons will, in nine cases out of ten, be influenced by interest, even without their being conscious of their corruption. In short, it appears to me that a party spirit is the only substitute that has been found, or can be found, for public virtue and comprehensive understanding; neither of which can be reasonably expected to be found in a very great number of people. Over and above all this, it appears to me to be a constant incitement to everything that is right; for, if a party spirit prevails, all power, aye, and all rank too, in the liberal sense of the word, is in a great measure elective. To be at the head of a party, or even high in it, you must have the confidence of the party; and confidence is not to be procured by abilities alone. In an Epitaph upon Lord Rockingham, written I believe by Burke, it is said, "his virtues were his means;" and very truly; and so, more or less, it must be with every party man. Whatever teaches men to depend upon one another, and to feel the necessity of conciliating the good opinion of those with whom they live, is surely of the highest advantage to the morals and happiness of mankind; and what does this so much as party? Many of these which I have mentioned are only collateral advantages, as it were, belonging to this system; but the decisive argument upon this subject, appears to me to be this :—Is there any other mode or plan in this country by which a rational man can hope to stem the power and influence of the Crown? I am sure that neither experience nor any well reasoned theory has ever shown any other. Is there any other plan which is likely to make so great a number of persons resist the temptations of titles and emoluments? And if these things are so, ought we to abandon a system, from which so much good has been derived because some men have acted inconsistently, or because, from the circumstances of the moment, we are not likely to act with much effect?

Let us express his attachment to Mrs. Armitstead, and his happiness at St. Anne's Hill again. This was written in the year when "Mrs. A." became his wife. It is to his nephew still that he says : —

Though I have no time to write you more than a few lines, I must not let the post of to-day

go without telling you how very much delighted I am with your verses to Mrs. A., which I received together with another letter from you, dated the 24th of January, this morning. I do not know that the verses, as such, are particularly good, but there is a kindness in them, and something altogether, that made me quite happy when I read them, and, indeed, you are right, for I believe if ever there was a place that might be called the seat of true happiness, St. Anne's is that place.

Upon the necessity of a reform in the House of Commons, Fox wrote in the year 1796 thus wisely :—

Perhaps, therefore, instead of saying *now* that the power of the House of Commons ought to be first restored and its constitution considered afterwards, it would be better to invert the order, and say, Parliament should first be reformed, and then restored to its just influence. You will observe that I state this opinion as being mine *now*, in contradistinction to those times when the Whig party was only beaten, but not dispersed, and when I certainly *was* of a different opinion.

At present I think that we ought to go further towards agreeing with the democratic or popular party, than at any former period; for the following reasons:—We, as a party, I fear, can do nothing, and the contest must be between the Court and the Democrats. These last, without our assistance, will be either too weak to resist the Court—and then comes Mr. Hume's Euthanasia, which you and I think the worst of all events—or, if they are strong enough, being wholly unmixed with any aristocratic leaven, and full of resentment against us for not joining them, will go probably to greater excesses, and bring on the only state of things which can make a man doubt whether the despotism of monarchy is the worst of all evils.

The volume is full of notes upon those readings in the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, of modern Italy, England, Spain, and France, which were the delight of Fox's leisure. His remarks are for their own sake valuable, apart from their constant illustration of his character.

I have read the "Clerk's Tale," again, and aloud to Mrs. A., who, as well as myself, admires it very much; and what I did not expect, that I should allow it is a very great improvement upon Boccaccio; whether the improvement is his own, or in any degree taken from Petrarch's translation, I cannot tell, as I never saw the latter. I think in this tale of Chaucer's there is more of the manner of Ariosto than in anything I ever read in Spenser, where he most endeavors to imitate him. I think I never saw a resemblance of manner so strong in two poets, who were certainly strangers to each other's works, and who did not imitate any common model; for, though the story is taken from Boccaccio, the manner is not in the least so.

I do not know whether I told you that I read "The Cock and the Fox," in Chaucer, and was amazed to see how little Dryden has added.—What a genius Chaucer was!

And again :—

I shall send "Persiles" and "Galatea" by to-morrow's coach to be left at your lodge. I remember when I read them I thought that in "Galatea" some of the poetry was imitated from those parts of Ariosto (not certainly his best) where he introduces the praises of living persons; but I have, in general, forgot both the romances, only so far I remember, that I liked the first half of "Persiles" much better than the rest, and that there is somewhere in it an idea of the modern Parachute. I believe, too, that there is in it (to the shame of genius,) a most flaming panegyric upon the expulsion of the Moors. I never read (on account of the smallness of the print) more than three books of Heliodorus, but it struck me that Cervantes had formed himself a good deal upon his model. I mean, of course, in the serious parts of his romance.

In Don Quixote it appears to me (contrary to what upon general principles one should expect) that he loses more by translation in the grave, than in the humorous parts. Or perhaps it is owing to my imperfect knowledge of Spanish, that he appears to gain less in the original in the comic than in the serious, and in this way of putting it, it is less wonderful; but so it is, that I never feel greater contempt for translators than in reading the serious and eloquent parts of Don Quixote. I shall be very glad to see your "Life of Cervantes," but still more those of the others. That of Cardanus, it is your own fault if you do not make very entertaining; and as to materials, you will want little more than his own works, which, if you have not, you may get, I suppose, at any bookseller's.

It was during this period that Mr. Fox began to write his history, and conceived an idea which pleased him better still—the design of one day editing Dryden :—

My journey to Wales, if it were to take place at all, would be entirely with a view to more leisure than I can have here in summer for the History, which, alas! goes on very slowly; but I will mend my pace, I am resolved. I have been a good deal diverted from it this last fortnight by a rage I have taken for looking over all Dryden's works, both prose and poetry. I fell into it, upon honor, with real diligent views in regard to history, but soon forgot the object, and read him with views entirely critical. I mean, some day or other, (but not till I have done at least one, if not two volumes of History,) to publish an edition of Dryden; therefore, if anything that could be useful to such a purpose, should come across you, pray keep it in mind for me, though for the present I am full as well, or better without it. I mean particularly anything relative to Dryden's history, or any scarce edition of any of his works.

In after letters it is shown that he abided by this notion firmly :—

By-the-by, I do not know whether you have had Cowper the poet's life and letters, they are delightful, but Buonainiti proscribes quartos.—To Godwin's life of "Chaucer," there is the same objection, and I suspect another, also, that is in some parts very dull and tiresome. I have not read it, but I looked into it when I was at Woolbeding. I observe, that he takes an opportunity of showing his stupidity in not admiring Racine. It puts me quite in a passion. *je veux contre eux faire un jour un gros livre*, as Voltaire says. Even Dryden, who speaks with proper respect of Corneille and Molière, vilipends Racine. If ever I publish my edition of his works, I will give it him for it you may depend.—Oh! how I wish that I could make up my mind to think it right to devote all the remaining part of my life to such subjects, and such only! Indeed, I rather think I shall, and yet if there were

a chance of re-establishing a strong Whig party, (however composed) :—

"Non adeo has exosa manus victoria fugit,
Ut tantâ quicquam pro spe tentare recusem."

That he was again tempted into active political life by the dangers he foresaw from the despicable character of the Adington administration, and that he combined with Grenville and Pitt's ejected forces for the overthrow of that ministry, are events which belong to history, and at that point in Mr. Fox's life the present volume stops. We have only touched upon the store of its contents, to which we shall certainly be tempted to return. Seldom has the character of a great man been so much exalted by a posthumous production of his letters, as the whole character of Fox is raised by this third volume of Memorials.

RESCUE OF THE CHIPPEWA CAPTIVE GIRL.

—It will be remembered that last summer a hunting party of Chippewa Indians were attacked by a war party of Sioux, and all men and women, save three who escaped, and one girl who was taken prisoner, were massacred. The girl before she was captured exerted every nerve to make good her escape. She jumped in a canoe and put out into Otter Tail Lake, but was immediately followed by her pursuers. When they came near, she sprang from her canoe and endeavored to elude pursuit by diving and running in a cluster of weeds; but her doom was sealed. Thirsting for his prey, the chief, who was in the canoe, threw at her a tomahawk, which struck her in the side and mangled her in a shocking manner; and before she had recovered from the effects of the wound, this *valiant* chief struck her over the head with a paddle and stunned her, thereby making her an easy captive.

As soon as he had her in his clothes—she being young and handsome—he resolved not to kill her, but make her his wife. Having already two Sioux wives, their jealousy was aroused at seeing the third, their old and ancient enemy, enter the wigwam, and when their husband's back was turned, would treat the Chippewa maiden in the most inhuman manner: putting coals of fire on her head, and lacerating her flesh with knives, until sick at heart, she determined to put an end to her existence. This fact becoming known to the Sioux, they held a council and resolved to burn her at the stake at the Yellow Medicine, for the perpetration of which horrible deed all arrangements were made. The Sioux interpreter, Mr. Joseph Campbell, finding this out, determined on her rescue. Accordingly, he started for Otter Tail Lake, where he found her and took her in his buggy to a point where he had stationed our friend, C. C. Vandenberg, who brought her at two o'clock in the

morning to Fort Ridgely, where she was put into the hands of the commanding officer, who had her wants attended to.

When sufficiently recovered from her wounds, she was brought to Fort Snelling, by the dragoons, then on their way home from the Sioux payment, and from thence she was sent home to to her band.

Too much credit cannot be given the gentlemen who thus perilled their own lives to save this savage. It goes far to prove that, although many from their habits, lives, or poverty are considered as unworthy a kindly attention, there are those who, when they see the impress of God upon a human being, whether savage or Christian, are ready and willing to ameliorate their sufferings. We would much prefer the consolation that flows from having been of service to the poorest man on earth than to have our brow crowned with the chaplet of the victor of a thousand battles.

PIN, to fix one to a point. Hence a person is said to be *pinned* when he is so brought to a point that he cannot escape or equivocate. In old time, the keeper of a pound was called a *pinner*, as being one who fixed and confined cattle that were straying. Milton uses the word *pinfold* for the pound itself.—*Notes and Queries*.

PLUFF, puffed up or plumped up, as a spongy substance. It does not answer to the word *plump*, for it conveys the idea of inflated emptiness. It is often applied to an apple or turnip that has lost its succulence, without being deprived of its apparent fullness. A bag of feathers is *pluff*.—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE QUEENS BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

'The Queens before the Conquest.' By Mrs. Mat-thew Hall, 2 vols.

THE authoress of this work commences with expressing a belief which rests upon a very slender foundation. Her volumes, "it is believed, will be found to present the first connected outline of the history of royal women prior to the Norman Conquest." Mrs. Hall's outline is very far from being connected; it is often broken or confused; and on the roll of her queens we more than once come upon names which have no more right to be there than that of Mrs. General Washington. There are other names of whose possessors Mrs. Hall has with much labor collected and narrated all that is known with regard to their deeds, words, and pretensions—and that is precisely nothing. But, let us not be misunderstood. In saying thus much we speak with reference to the subject rather than with reference to the author. We are thinking of the material rather than the art with which it has been manipulated. Mrs. Hall has had a very difficult and not a very interesting task. Her assiduity, zeal, and judgment have enabled her to surmount many of the difficulties; but all her taste and talent have failed to render her volumes interesting—generally. The mind refuses to retain the uncouth names of people whose very existence is doubtful. We have no enthusiasm for personages whose appellations fade from the vexed memory as soon as they escape from the eye; and, with all the good intentions possible, we cannot whip up a sympathetic action for individuals who, if they ever did exist, were characters who, if they now hired suburban villas, or occupied country mansions, would certainly not be visited by their neighbors. If the actor was mockingly asked why he should feel and weep for Hecuba, we might, still more pertinently, be asked wherefore we should care for the three Guinevers?—three queens who certainly may be rolled into one, of whom, even then, little is known but fable hardly worth the telling; and who, unsubstantial herself, was the wife of a shadowy, yet majestic, myth, the renowned King Arthur, of whom certainly more is told than we, with great appetite for legend, should like to accept.

When the Bishop of Ferns was reading Gulliver's Travels, he perused it, honest man, with the conviction that the record given was that of the alleged experience of a *bona fide* Captain Lemuel. The narrative, however, was too much even for the patient and credulous prelate, and when he closed the book, he did so with the reluctantly yielded remark, that he did not believe a word of it. We may make the same comment on some of the stories of these early kings and queens. The latter have no more reality than Pope Joan. Their burying-places, indeed, are pointed out, in strange proof that they once lived. Alas! is there not a grave of "the mould of form," Prince Hamlet, at Elsinore? Are not the tombs of the victim-lovers of the feuds of Capulet and Montague, Romeo and Juliet, to be seen at Verona? and do not

Paul and Virginia, who will for ever live, and never die, sleep in hypothetically cold obstrusion in the most graceful of resting-places in the Maritimus? A grave is no more proof of the pre-existence of its alleged occupant than an empty cradle is testimony of a birth. All the *berceaux* that were carried in to the convent of Farmoutier formed no evidence against the kind ladies who there so liberally entertained the Count Ori and his "quatorze chevaliers," in the guise of "Sisters." It was only when each *berceau* had its tenant that the mayor of the *arrondissement* could confidently swear to a positive fact and a logical conclusion.

But, as it is popularly, if not vulgarly, said, that where there is smoke there must be fire, and as there can be no consequence without an antecedent premise, it is probable enough that all the shadows in history mantled with glorious names have been reflected from substances of some sort, though it were impossible to say what, hardly worth the inquiring after, and, when learned, not always worth the knowing. Even of the actual substantial Queens whom Mrs. Hall has attired in full regal costume, and set upon pedestals duly named and catalogued, we account less than of the incidental matter told in connection with their histories.

Thus, that Cartismunda was married to our highly-esteemed friend Cymbeline, whom we recollect well in the person of the late Mr. Egerton, at Convent Garden Theatre, we make little account. The marriage took place at Rome, and, no doubt, there was a joyous scattering of nuts, and chorusing of comic epithalamic verses, and an extravagant consumption of the Latin wedding-cake, made of Sesame grain. We take with thankful admiration the intelligence, that the lady became the mother of six children, and regret that some of them were rather given to fast ways and late hours; but we are more interested in the record which informs us that when Cartismunda was a widow she stoutly and successfully asserted her claim to the inalienable right possessed by every British widow whose husband dies intestate,—her "thirds." She accordingly received a third of her deceased consort's kingdom; and being a plump and well-endowed widow, with a bright eye and mischief in it, as was the case with that Widow Wadman, who so terribly shook the heart of Uncle Toby, beneath the plush waistband of his memorable nether-garment, Cartismunda was wooed and won by Cadallan King of the Brigantes. They were a couple who thoroughly comprehended the value of joining two estates in one ring-fence, and, to make the inclosure doubly sure, the Queen's son Arviragus espoused the King's daughter Boadicea. The royal sire soon after died, and thereupon the royal lady, caring as little for law as the Christian and unclean Catherine of Russia, cheated the children out of their inheritance, and seized upon the entire monarchy as her own. She was now a "widow indeed," that is, more richly endowed than ever, and Vennusius, a British chieftain, high in pretension and low in purse, pursued her with as much pertinacity as, and more success than, Mr. Dunn, when enamored of "les beaux yeux de la cas-

sette" of a more respectable woman than Cartismunda.

The third marriage belied the old proverb respecting "luck in odd numbers;" and Cartismunda was as indifferent a mother as she was a wife. She betrayed her son Caratacus to the Romans; and, having grown tired of the British chieftain, she disposed of him by summary divorce, unsanctioned by any ecclesiastical court, and raised to his place a handsome armor-bearer, with an ugly name, which has been Latinized into the not very mellifluous one of *Villocatus*.

The Russians took the succession of Catherine's "favorites" as courteously as that very civilized people might be expected to do. The ancient Britons, however, felt their virtue considerably flattered by the equivocal conduct of the Queen. They broke out into healthy rebellion, the issue of which was that they captured Cartismunda, and buried her alive. Mrs. Hall, with the righteous enthusiasm of Madame Roland screaming for joy at the desolation descending upon poor Marie Antoinette, says that Cartismunda deserved her fate; and, considering what that fate was, we question if the Secretary to the Society against Cruelty to Animals will be able to read Mrs. Hall's sentiment on this subject without a very natural and a very prolonged shudder.

Such is the biographical outline of the earliest of the Queens before the Conquest, and we think it would puzzle even Plutarch himself to run a parallel to it with any of the crowned ladies who came after the Conquest.

With her daughter-in-law Boadicea, (Victoria, as the name implies; but with regard to person and character "very unlike *my* Beverley!") we find ourselves in company with a lady for whom we were taught in the days of our pupilhood to entertain much admiration and sympathy. The double sentiment, we fear, was expended upon one little deserving of it. Boadicea, however, was a wronged woman. Her husband Arviragus, (who used to look so harmless and innocent, when Mr. Abbot played the character,) made no more account of her than Beau Fielding did of his hurriedly married wife, "Mistress Mary Wadsworth;" and just as the beau passed from the bower of Mistress Mary, to marry the famous and faded Duchess of Cleveland, so did Arviragus "pooh, pooh," the claims of Boadicea, to espouse a Roman minx, with great rank and little character. He was not even tried for bigamy, as the beau was, who went to the bar of the Old Bailey with Queen Anne's pardon, cut and dried, in his pocket; but his life was not a quiet one, until his first wife condoned his offence, and admitted him once more *ad mensam et thorum*.

It was then that the real trials of Boadicea commenced. She was a lady who could very well find solace for herself in the absence of a husband, and when Arviragus died, she was not half so much shocked at the circumstance as she was at the appearance of a batch of Roman attorneys, who presented her with a debtor and creditor account of her affairs, with a very large balance struck against her, in favor of the imperial treasury. She refused to draw a check for

the amount, and her pseudo creditors arrested and very inhumanly scourged her. All Caer Lud breathed a sort of Barclay and Perkins's vengeance against the Haynaus of the hour, and Boadicea herself, shaking her long yellow hair, till she looked as if she were continually lightning, not only screamed for vengeance—she had scorned to shriek for pity—but sat down and wrote letters, for she could write as well as scream, arranged a widely-extended plot, and in the mean time, awaiting its being carried out to a happy consummation, she caught all the Roman ladies she could, and for every wheal on her own back, she cut a score into *their* loins. If anything true be further known of her, it is that she was without mercy or compassion; she was familiar with massacre, slaying her own victims, or driving her chariot over those of the Romans; and I question if she were so much annoyed at the insults inflicted on her "young ladies"—not over bashful daughters—as she was at being foiled of the vengeance she would have exacted in return. We never pass through the classic and unsavory district of Battle Bridge, the theatre of her final defeat, without feeling gratefully assured that it is better to live under the constitutional sway of Victoria—even with the double income tax annexed—than to have been subject to her namesake before the Conquest, with double scythes upon her chariot wheels.

We confess that, despite the alleged wrongs of Boadicea, when we compare that terrible virago with the Claudia for whom Arviragus deserted her, our sympathy is rather excited for the second wife. She knew of no illegality in her fickle lord, and when she espoused him,

In a mede with flowers of great beauté,

whereon was founded that city of Caer Glow, or Gloucester, which, like Stilton, gives name to more cheeses than it makes, the gentle Gwinessa, as she was called by the British, intended to ratify all the promises to which she was bound.—She shines as a peace-maker, and in Heathen or in Christendom, blessed are the peace-makers.—Her own peace was wholly wrecked by the fickleness of her lord, and Gwinessa, who was neither whipped herself, nor deserved to be, nor given to whipping others, died broken-hearted in giving birth to a son. Thus far, the record of the early Queens is anything but lively.

Indeed, the roll of their history is very like the "Tale of Mystery," a startling melodrama, without any comic scenes to enliven oppressed and outraged nature. There is, however, some variety. The wand of Mrs. Hall takes us far beyond seas, and there we see a Julia Domna, as gay, fair, and calculating as Lola Montes; cajoling rough Major-General Severus into a marriage (by insinuating that a soothsayer had declared that whoever married Julia should be imperial master in Rome), and then "blazing" in the Eternal City with such irresistible example of extravagance, that the wealthiest people imolated themselves and estates by imitating her.

As Severus became emperor, and Britain was subject to his sway, Mrs. Hall makes of Julia

Domna a Queen of England before the Norman Conquest. As this is one of the pleasantest of the biographies, we do not object to the process; and we feel that when the young mother of Geta introduced her strange Eastern fashions in the parks and parties prior to William of Normandy, she must have as much astonished, aye, more astonished, the old sober stagers, than Mrs. Damer did when she first appeared at a "drum," in the unheard-of innovation of black stockings!

Julia was one of those ladies who endeavor to hide domestic troubles under an outward guise of carelessness, or beneath the dissipation of soirées and suppers. Her boys, Caracalla and Geta, could never be bound over to keep the peace; and her old friends in Britain pitied her when what served for the newspapers of that day, brought them intelligence that was sometimes nearly as mendacious as that conveyed to us by "the fourth estate." Julia's family circle, however, was, as we all know, one of a very gloomy or stormy complexion, and as she could not, ultimately, free herself of its sad memories by inviting crowds of philosophers to her *petits soupers*, she went so far in the spirit of philosophy as to commit suicide.

As for the groups of so-called British Queens who follow, and who could have had nothing about them so barbarous as their names, we reject them altogether. If that lady who married the schoolmaster's drunken son, Bonosus, and who never was in England at all, really deserves to be called Queen of the island, so we re-affirm did Mrs. Washington after the battle of Bunker's Hill. But as one Martin does not make a summer, so half a dozen ladies of whom nobody has ever scarcely heard, and about whom nobody at all cares, and touching whom nothing whatever is said to shew that they have any right to be engraven upon the roll and record of our Queens—why that half a dozen can by no process of weights or measures, to say nothing of logic and history, (which is sometimes so very illogical), be admitted to registryship upon the royal list whereon Mrs. Hall has affixed them.

Passing them, we find ourselves face to face with the great Helena, concerning whom so much or so little is known that it is yet a disputed question—if there now be any one who cares to dispute on so profitless a question—whether she were born under shadow of a stable or on the steps of a throne; here at home in England, or miles away at a foreign hearth, and amid a ferocious people.

However this may be, one thing is certain, that whether Helena was daughter of that old King Cole of whom the song says, with such delicious and iterated emphasis, that he

Was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he;

whether she was daughter of a venerable potentate or of a joyous inn-keeper; whether she was born at Colchester, or near the wall of Antoninus, one thing is certain, that she was not famous till she was the widow of Constantius, at which time she was of the disagreeably "certain age" of 54.

There is a circumstance told of her son, which

deserves to have circulation given to it, for the sake of the example. The circumstance is this: Helena's great son, Constantine, created her "Chancellor of the Exchequer." We will not go so far as to say that every sovereign should follow the example Queen Christina was a sort of actual Chancellor of the Spanish Exchequer, without responsibility, and we all know what came of it; but we will say this, and in our character as Sylvanus Urban we feel bound to say it, for the benefit of Young England, that if in private life every son who is the youthful "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," were to endow his mother with the same office and authority, dealers in "bills" would not drink champagne and keep country villas, with more furniture therein than respectability warrants—as is now the case.

Helena is famous as a discoverer of the remnants of the first days of Christianity, if we may so speak. Mrs. Hall cites "cart-loads of relics," as sent by her to Rome, where, by the way, the owners are so ashamed of some of them, as to keep them for ever concealed from all but the eye of faith. The sort of qualification which Helena possessed as a hunter after relics, is explained, with what sounds like keen satire, by Mrs. Hall; as, for example, where we are told that "St. Helena found a relic of the chain by which she judged St. Peter had been fastened, and therefore determined to offer it to the Pope, who possessed another fragment. It was received by him with much pomp and solemnity, and it is said that the identity was proved by the two chains uniting of their own accord, when brought in sight of each other." We must say that Mrs. Hall collects materials after something of the fashion with which Helena gathered relics, and she makes her alleged facts meet with an "it is said," just like the links of the Apostle's chain; and one, no doubt, is quite as genuine and incontrovertible as the other.

The second Helena was as wonderful a woman in her way. When the conquering Maximus came to espouse that Lady Helena of Eudda, he appeared with such a multitude of armed groomsmen that there had like to be a massacre before the bridal. It would have been a pity, for Helena, fact or fiction, (*wahrheit oder dichtung*), was a gentle creature, and when she heard of the death of her stalwart consort, being at that time walking in the valley of Festiniog, she dissolved entirely by force of weeping, and became the source where ever since has flowed the Fynnon Helen—or Well of Helena.

This is quite as true as anything told us of Rowena, the Saxon maid, who came over with *Hengist* and *Horsa*, (mare and stallion), the devices of two chiefs whose names have been derived from their symbols. They were greater brutes than the quadrupeds, and trod more roughly upon all beneath them. The loves of Rowena and Vortigern are probably as irrefutable as Ireland's tragedy, and circumstance thereof, which he swore came from the hand of Shakspeare. The daughter of Hengist was in no respect like her namesake in Ivanhoe, for she led her husband a wretched life, and amused her leisure hours by dabbling in poisons, and administering them to those whom she did not like. But then her life

was a dull one, in this a foreign country to her, and she needed a little relaxation, poor lady, to make it tolerable.

Of the three Guinevers, and of their husband Arthur, the accomplished authoress deals as seriously as though their birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behavior, were matters easy to establish, and instructive in the detail. We do not ourselves, we confess it, like to give up Arthur. We love the name, the hero, and his romantic deeds. We deem lightly of his light-o'-love bearing. It was the privilege of chivalry to be faithless. Knights, indeed, vowed the contrary, but they were a promise-breaking, word-despising crew. Honor was ever on their lips, seldom in their hearts, and never respected by them when found in the possession of their neighbors' wives. How is it that knights are so invariably cited with long-winded laudation by Romish writers, when they desire to illustrate the devotional spirit of olden times? Is it that the knights were truthful, devout, chaste, God-fearing? Not a jot! It is because the cavaliers cared but for one thing, in the sense of having fear but for one thing, and that the Devil. To escape from being finally triumphed over by that Father of Evil, they paid largely, revered outwardly, confessed unreservedly, and were absolved plenarily. That is the reason why chivalry was putted on the back by Rome; as for the chevaliers themselves, we no more believe in their patriotism or good sense than we do in that of Lieutenant Royer, who felt such "satisfaction," in the opera house at Odessa, at being permitted to look through the identical glass, through which that mendacious pietist, Osten Sacken had contemplated with ecstasy the loss of the Tiger!

With regard to the triple-lady Guinever, the very small virtue of one-third of the whole will not salubriously leaven the entire lump. If romance be true—and there is more about Guinever therein than of any other lady—she was a delicious, audacious, winning, seductive, irresistible, and heartless hussey; and a shameless! and a bare faced! Only read *Sir Lancelot du Lac*! Yes; it cannot be doubted but that in the voluminous romances of the old day, there was a sprinkling of historical fact. Now, if a thousandth part of what is recorded of this bewitching Guinever be true, she must have been such a lady as we can not now conceive of. She was not very particular, either. True daughter of her mother Venus, when Mars was not at hand she could stoop to Vulcan; if the king was not at home, she could listen to a knight; if both were away, esquire or page might speak boldly, without fear of being unheeded; and if all were absent in the chase, or at the fray, there was always a good-looking groom in the yard, with whom Guinever could converse, without holding that so to do was to be guilty at least of derogation.

I know no more merry reading than that same ton of romance which goes by the title of *Sir Lancelot du Lac*. But it is not of that sort which Mrs. Chapone would recommend to young ladies, or that Dr. Cumming would read aloud at the Duke of Argyll's. It is a book, however,

which a grave man, a little tired of his gravity may look into between serious studies and solemn pursuits—a book for a lone winter evening by a library fire, with wine and walnuts at hand, or for an old fashioned summer's eve, in a bower through whose foliage the sun pours his adieu as gorgeously red as the Burgundy in your flask. Of a truth, a man must be "in a concatenation accordingly," ere he may venture to address himself to the chronicle which tells of the "fredaines," "bamboches," and "bombance" of Guinever the Frail and of Lancelot du Lac.

We have spoken of the pseudo-devotion of the ancient knights—of those enlightened men who made the cup-bearer take precedence of the chaplain, just as the Australian aborigines rank the noseborer before the medicine man of the tribe. One was about as reasonable as the other. The worst of the queens, it may be observed, was as devout as the knights, and after their fashion too. But it must also be acknowledged that some of these royal ladies, enjoyed, for it was an enjoyment, a most earnest devotion; and yet their spiritual superiors appear to have been as hard upon them as though they had been as light of conduct as Guinever herself.

This, however has always been the rule, down to a much later period than that of the Conquest—down to that just prior to the Commonwealth; perhaps later. Thus, in Hamond L'Estrange's History of King Charles I., (1665), we find it written that the spiritual adviser of Queen Henriette had the madness to impose upon her as a penance, among other things, "to go barefoot, to spin, to wait upon her family servants at their ordinary repasts, to travel on foot in the mire on a rainy morning, from Somerset House to St. James's, her confessor himself, meanwhile, like Lucifer, riding by her in his coach; but which is worst of all, to make a progress to Tyburn, there to present her devotions." Certainly it may be averred, without fear of contradiction, that no Queen before the Conquest was treated with more rigor, deserved or unmerited, than the consort of Charles I. by her "director." No wonder is it that the people finally took upon themselves the "direction" alike of Kings, Queens, and power of the Church.

And yet Henrietta-Maria was hardly a less faithful daughter of her church than Ostrida, the daughter-in-law of Penda, of whom however, nearly all that we hear in these volumes is that she carried the bones of her uncle, St. Oswald, to the abbey of Bardney, in Lincolnshire, and that all her sanctity and goodness of heart could not protect her from being slain. Had she been a less active Queen, like Werburga, who passed threescore years in church, she perhaps might have lived as long, but she would not have been half as useful. For life, after all, is to be measured less by length of years than amount of acts and of honor resulting from them. "*Ego me metior*," says Alexander, in the historical romance by Quintus Curtius, of which he is the hero, "*Ego me metior non celtis spatio, sed gloria*"; and if Alexander had always spoken as truthfully and had always acted up to what he thus expressed, he would probably have enjoyed a longer extension of life, and certainly would have been

crowned by a more brilliant circle of glory. He and Werburga present to us the aspect of the two extremes of mischievous conduct; the Macedonian displaying an activity resulting in evil; the British Queen a torpidity that was not the less detrimental for taking the complexion of religion. A Queen who passed sixty years in church was as little worthy of the responsible position in which she was placed, as was the "tyrannus" whose hours were divided between the battle field and the banquet; the mornings devoted to hard fighting, the evenings to hard drinking.

In the times upon which we are treating, however, it must be confessed that the phrase—"our most religious and gracious Queen," would have had some real meaning in it; and something like it was applied to that rather obscure Queen Rictryda, whose sole merit seems to have been that "she carried lamps before the great ones of the Lord." In these later days we understand, more correctly, the proper division of labor; and we fancy that we are not likely to be edified by the spectacle of a sovereign carrying a pair of branch candlesticks before a mediæval bishop. If the spectacle were possible, we very much doubt whether the principal performer would gain any credit by the act.

The royal lady hight Queenburga perhaps surpassed all her predecessors, and successors too, in the devotion with which she surrendered herself to the conduct of religious rather than of secular affairs. The brightest jewel in her crown is said to consist in the not very sparkling circumstance that she and her husband lived on the affectionate terms of brother and sister, and that the Church extolled them highly in consequence. We believe, nevertheless, that the ecclesiastical authorities were divided in their judgment upon this delicate matter. A passage in a recently published work—"Table Traits; with something on them," has the following passage, which is apt to the question:—

"The table kept by St. Bridget, when she married Ulpho, Prince of Nericia in Sweden, was a very modest one for so princely a pair; but what was spared thereby was given to the poor. Bridget and Ulpho, she sweet sixteen, he two years more, read every evening that soothing chapter from St. Paul which formed the favorite study of St. Ammon and his wife: but, as it appears, with indifferent success. "They enrolled themselves in the third order of St. Francis, and lived, in their own house, as if it had been a regular and austere monastery." Their biographer adds, without comment: "They afterwards had eight children—four boys and four girls;" and as the same paragraph goes on to state that "all these children were favored with the blessings of divine grace," it may be fairly concluded that a domestic observation of a monastic regularity and austerity is a course that will produce blessings and olive-branches."

Mrs. Hall discusses this question at some length. The lady states that—

Unbounded praise is bestowed by most Roman Catholic writers on those Queens who converted their palaces into nunneries, and looked upon their

husbands as merely brothers of a community, whose earthly love it was their duty to repudiate, and with whom it was praiseworthy to live on terms of the greatest severity. Occasionally, the partners of these holy and religious ladies shared their enthusiasm, and devoted themselves to the same life; but in some cases it was different, and the whole country was thrown into a ferment in consequence of the domestic troubles ensuing.

The union of Queens with their step-sons appears to have been a rather common fashion, and to have created less public or private commotion than the domestic arrangements alluded to in the above paragraph. A sample of the confusion worse confounded made by churchmen, when appealed to in the matrimonial broils at the royal fireside, is afforded us in the story of Etheldreda and Egfrid. This Queen and King of Northumberland had, during a wedded life of twelve years, lived on the terms of a most fraternal affection; "for," says Mrs. Hall, "neither the affection of the husband, the authority of the King, or any other inducement, was of any avail in inducing her to break the vows she had made to Heaven:" "Alors,"—as the gentleman says in the French comedy—"ce n'étoit pas le peine de se marier!" a very just remark; and we may add thereto that the royal lady, so far from keeping vows, really broke them.

The sequel of the story shows what influences were exercised by the clergy in those days, and on questions which certainly did not require a third person to make a solution of them. The puzzled king Egfrid was, in truth, the George Dandin of the period. He was, to his wife's family, very much as Molière's unlucky husband was to the illustrious house of Sotenville. Etheldreda was the daughter of a king of East Anglia, and her mother, Hereswytha, was celebrated as the prolific "mother of saints." The daughter of this latter lady, however, had all the pride of her father, but none of the conjugal submissiveness of her mother; and thinking that there were saints enough in the family, she declined being a participator in the low pursuit of extending their number. Egfrid was sadly perplexed. He made her a present of the town of Hexham; but, to show how she valued the gift, she at once made it over to bishop Wilfred, that he might constitute thereof a diocesan city. The poor monarch, observing the favor with which his consort contemplated the handsome prelate, had recourse to him, in his guilelessness, and entrusted to him the mission of inducing Etheldreda to condescend to become the mother of princes. Mrs. Hall says that the bishop "appealed to by Egfrid on the subject of Etheldreda's vow, did not feel at liberty to decline the commission entrusted to him of interfering in this matter, and accordingly addressed himself to the Queen on the subject of her husband's wish." The right reverend gentleman appears to have interfered to some purpose. His interview with the Queen is not described in detail, which, all things considered, is perhaps as well. The issue, however, was doubtless looked upon with less ecstasy by the married monarch than by the celibate priest. That issue was, the determination of the wife to retire to a monastery, "an important step, in which she was advised by

Wilfred." Worldly people might be disposed to say that the Queen and the Bishop eloped together; but, if they did, they contrived the matter so as to carry with it an appearance of the greatest respectability. The Queen went to her aunt, who was lady abbess of the monastery of Coldingham, near Berwick; her pious director accompanied her, and finally bestowed upon her that veil, which, whatever it may have made of her, was as a wall of brass between her and her very deluded husband.

The detail of the flight may insinuate into the reader's mind the idea of a little scandal; but amateurs of highly-spiced stories will be exceedingly disappointed. When Wilfred and Etheldreda posted northward, there was not indeed a soul with them to play propriety; but, in a second flight, there was more discretion on the part of this exemplary couple. On Egfrid declaring his intention to recover his runaway spouse, Wilfred furthered her escape; and, if he accompanied her to East Anglia, there were also with the locomotive pair a brace of young maidens; and Mrs. Hall, to reassure the more completely our fluttered sense of besettingness, kindly intimates the consoling hypothesis that "it is supposed that Ovin, an old and faithful steward of the Queen, attended their flight;" and, what is better still, "the monkish chronicles inform us that at every place where they rested, on their way thither, our Lord showed them miracles." Unfortunately, however, monkish chronicles, interested in making saints of a fugitive wife and her spiritual director, are no more to be trusted than a Russian bulletin, which, in its own interest, interprets defeat as meaning victory, and blasphemously orders thanksgivings for triumphs which have never existed.

We must pursue this story to its conclusion. Egfrid consoled himself for the contumacy of Etheldreda by marrying Ermenburga, a lady with a poor dowry and a temper to match. As the first-named Queen had taken bishop Wilfred for a bosom friend, so the second made selection of archbishop Theodore of Canterbury. This archiepiscopal *ami de la maison* thrust Wilfred out of his diocese; and Egfrid, with as little ceremony, thrust the ex-prelate into a dungeon. As for his chief treasure, his exquisitely-chased golden box of relics, Ermenburga took it as her own lawful prize, placing it on her drawing-room table, or what served as such, when at home, and never taking a drive in her springless chariot without having it at her side. In the last respect she reminds us of the Duke of Parma, who, when he was the owner of that famous Magdalen of Correggio which is now the chief gem in the Dresden Gallery, never rode abroad for an hour or two without making the counterfeit presentment of her he loved much the sharer in the ride.

The Church, as may be readily imagined, thoroughly beat her lay opponents in the long run. Archbishop Theodore made common cause with Wilfred; and, between the two, the warm-tempered Ermenburga, just after she became a widow, was hustled into a convent in Carlisle, and there died, in the seventh century. Like Etheldreda, she was childless; but, probably, not for the same reasons. With regard to the

first wife, she became abbess of the monastery at Ely, where she washed the sisterhood and herself four times a year, and wore woollen clothes till they refused to be worn any longer. Shortly before her death, her physician, a man with an excellent practice, Dr. Cynefrid, opened a tumor in her neck, but she hardly thanked him for the pains taken, as she recognized in the painful excrescence a justly-deserved punishment. "I know," she said, "that I deservedly bear the weight of my sickness in my neck; for I remember, when I was very young, that I bore there the needless weight of jewels, and therefore I believe the divine goodness would have me endure the pain in my neck, that I may be absolved from the guilt of my needless levity, having now, instead of gold and precious stones, a red swelling and burning in my neck." Poor lady! she does not seem to have been aware that there is a pride which apes humility, and that the cramped Diogenes in his tub was more vain than Alexander who stood in his sunshine. She was as proud of the tumor which took place of the necklace, as Abyssinian belles of the present day are of their flesh bracelets—puffed circlets of their own skin, which they raise around their wrists by a torturing process which would make a saint ecstatic, and would kill half the *petites matrones* in Christendom.

Etheldreda is the St. Audrey of the Calendar, and we have no doubt but that she was a far better person than "monkish chronicles," by seeking to prove too much, have made of her. It is no compliment to her memory, nevertheless, that all dirty finery is called by her somewhat mutilated name, *Tawdry*; an appellation given especially to the ordinary but showy lace sold at St. Audrey's fair, in the Isle of Ely, and now used to denote, not lace only, but any other part of the female costume which is gaudy in appearance.

With respect to bishop Wilfred, if suspicion rests upon him, the chroniclers are to blame for it. He assuredly helped to make a sorry fireside for poor king Egfrid; but even that may have been done with a portion of good mingled with other intentions. In the case of gentlemen of his rank and vocation we are inclined to be as charitable as Mrs. Ramsbottom, when she wrote upon the "Habits and Men" encountered by her at Rome, and particularly of the morals and manners of the cardinals: "We quite agree with the categorical dictum of that caecographical authoress, when she declared that the report that 'the cardinals at Roam keep columbines was all pure calomel!'" Oh, exquisite daughter of Mrs. Malaprop, and elder sister of Mrs. Partington, never was irrefutable truth put into so merrily-ringing a phrase.

If the royal biography of which we have just spoken seems as a domestic drama, whereby we are admitted to the domiciles of majesty before the Conquest, the unmixed melo-dramatic is to be seen in the record of Queendrida Petronilla, Offa's wife, and a lady terribly given to talking. Mrs. Hall makes her eloquent in set speeches of a length that would make old Livy pant again. We do not pause to inquire who took those orations down, by an improved system of steno-

graphy. It will suffice as a sample of the quiet and retired habits of this lady, that she ruthlessly murdered her own son, and ended her existence at the bottom of a well. Her daughter, Eadburga, did a smart little business in the killing way too. This was the princess who, on being asked by Charlemagne which she would choose for a husband, himself or his son, declared for the latter, as the more acceptable, because of his youth, and was told by the father, that had she chosen *him* she should have had the son, but as she had selected the latter she should have neither! She really deserved neither; but, to hide her disappointment, she went into a monastery, became lady abbess, was expelled for her too lively propensities, and public demonstration of them, and finally died in the streets of Pavia begging her bread. The daughter of Offa asked for alms in an Italian city, and the son of Aristides sang ballads for a livelihood on the highways of Athens. *Ce que c'est que de nous!*

The crimes of Eadburga were many in number, and heinous in character; but never did Poet Laureate so dexterously tell truth, and avoid it, as did the author of the epitaph designed for her tomb, when she should have one. There is not a word in it that can be refuted, simply because the poet confines himself to contrasting the physical activeness and passiveness of his heroine. He would not allude to her morals, satisfied that on that point it was well to be guided by the old adage, which says, "the least said is soonest mended."

I was, I am not; smiled, that since did weep;
Labor'd, that rest; I wak'd, that now must sleep;
I played, I play not; sung, that now am still;
Saw, that am blind; I would, that have no will:
I fed that which feeds worms; I stood, I fell;
I bade God save you, that now bid farewell.
I felt, I feel not; follow'd, was pursued;
I war'd, have peace; I conquer'd, am subdued.
I moved, want motion; I was stiff, that bow
Below the earth; then something, nothing now.
I catch'd, am caught; I travell'd, here I lie;
Lived in the world, that to the world now die.

In modern times we have had chaplains as witty as this poet, when engaged upon the sayings and doings of deceased persons. It will be remembered that the notorious mother Cresswell died a prisoner in Bridewell, in Charles the Second's reign, and left ten pounds for a funeral sermon, on condition that the preacher should only speak *well* of her. The reverend gentleman acquitted himself satisfactorily, by concluding a sermon on death, by remarking:—"According to the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was *well* of her. What I have to say, therefore, is this: she was born *well*; she lived *well*; and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of Cresswell; lived in Clerkenwell; and died in Bridewell." A Spartan legislature could hardly have been angry at such an epitaph as this. In the case of Mrs. Cresswell, as in that of Queen Eadburga, her so-called advocate declined all controversy about facts. Macaulay alludes to this slipshod way of dealing with characters, in reference to what has been said by the panegyrists

of Charles I. in answer to the charges laid against him by the people. The King was accused of breaking his coronation oath, of flinging over the nation to the merciless tyranny of Laud, and of having violated those articles of the Petition of Right which he had sworn to observe, and for which pledge he had received good and valuable consideration. The panegyrizers meet these charges with the conclusively triumphant reply that the King was a faithful husband, kissed his children, heard prayers at six in the morning,—and had, moreover, a Vandyke dress, a handsome face, and a peaked beard.

Mrs. Hall tells us, that, in consequence of the crimes of Eadburga, the West Saxons made a law prohibiting female succession to the crown, or any distinctive honor being paid to the consorts of Kings. That lady further says, that subsequently, when Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred, had his youthful wife Judith crowned, it nearly cost him his own crown and authority. Dr. Lingard gives us an entirely different account, so far as the result of crowning Judith is concerned. That learned and temperate writer says, that "it is a question whether any Anglo-Saxon Queen was ever crowned before Judith, the wife of King Ethelwulf, and daughter of Charles le Chauve, King of France." She was crowned and anointed, "probably adopted as an expedient to content her parents." Dr. Lingard adds (Anglo-Saxon Church, b. 2, p. 34), that the sight of a Queen wearing her crown on state occasions was an unusual sight, for, in consequence of the crimes of Eadburga, "they refused to pay any distinctive marks of respect to the wives of their sovereigns. But in the case of Judith they submitted without a murmur to the will of the King, probably because she was an anointed Queen."

We leave these conflicting testimonies to the judgment of our readers; and to the same tribunal we commit the two volumes of our painstaking authoress. We have not space to follow her through her record of the reigns of the Queens nearer the Conquest. We must limit ourselves to remarking, that the more modern the story the greater is the interest. Those of Emma the Pearl, and Editha the Fair, do especial credit to a lady whom we hope to meet again in a work of more general interest than can ever attach itself to the story of "Queens before the Conquest."

ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICANS IN RUSSIA.—
To the Editor of the Evening Mail—Sir: The following extract of a letter from St. Petersburg may prove of interest to your readers:—

Mr. Baird's Iron-Foundry is in full work again. He has contracted for five Screw Engines, four of 300, and one of 400 horse power, and actually received s. ro. 300-m. (£50,000) in advance, without depositing any guarantee—an unusual thing with Government contracts. The Americans (the same who have had so much to do with the Moscow Railway) are building a great many gun-boats (screws), and Colonel Colt has been, or is here still, with his machinery to make revolvers."

I am, sir, your obt. servant,

Lond. Dec. 8.

A LATE RESIDENT IN RUSSIA.

From *The Spectator*, 9 Dec.

AUSTRIA IN 1813 AND 1854.

It would perhaps be considered fanciful to draw an historical parallel out of the elements of the Austrian situation at the opening of the German campaign of 1813, and those of 1854; yet there are many political points of resemblance, and certainly a great similarity between the two diplomatic situations. No historical parallel ever was perfect, and although there may be nothing new under the sun, yet there are new combinations of the normal forces of things. Nations and empires preserve their distinguishing characteristics with wonderful completeness; and the use of any reference to the experience of history is to point some contemporary moral, to illustrate some contemporary situation, or to assist the speculator to estimate the chances of the future.

The career of the Emperor Nicholas, like that of the first Emperor Napoleon, has been one of aggression; but how different in character! Napoleon went out boldly with the armies of France to conquer Europe, impelled by imperious necessity, the giant crisis in the affairs of the nation at whose head he had placed himself, and an innate desire to exercise the specialty of his genius for the practice of the art of war. Nicholas, quite as relentless, quite as ambitious, quite as aggressive as Napoleon, has gone forth with a stealthy tread, securing his conquests by granite and iron; has hurled his legions on the weak at moments when the strong, who might have controlled him, were otherwise employed; and has extended his power by minute and undefined encroachments, quite as much as by the bayonet and sabre. Napoleon defied and trampled upon Europe in the name of a new order of things, ruthlessly breaking down all before him, and parcelling the nations out anew. Nicholas defies nobody, but in their extremities filches from all. In his siege of Europe Napoleon led the French soldiery in vast storming columns into every breach, or over every rampart, and by sheer force carried the day. Nicholas hangs about the outworks of Europe, and, holding his armed men in readiness for an assault, proceeds by sap and mine. Europe arrayed herself against Napoleon from an instinct of self-preservation in the kings and indignant rage in the nations. Europe seems likely to array herself against Nicholas, from a similar instinct of self-preservation in her governments and of enlightened antipathy to despotism in her nations. And in the crisis of the fortunes of both the defiant and the stealthy aggressor, Austria seems destined to play a decisive part.

In the spring of 1813, Napoleon having, with astonishing rapidity, partially repaired

the disasters of 1812, opened the campaign with some success against the combined forces of Russia and Prussia, and drove them back in good order upon the Bohemian mountains. Austria, at that moment, was the ally of France; but Napoleon's calamities in the preceding year, had shaken the alliance to its foundations; and the Emperor Francis, guided by Metternich, only waited a favorable moment to complete, by her junction, the league of Europe against Napoleon. That moment the French Emperor unwittingly provided. The Allies were close upon the Austrian frontier, when Napoleon, anxious to obtain Austrian coöperation, or at least to prolong Austrian neutrality, and unwilling, perhaps, by a decisive battle to force the Allies into Bohemia, halted in his career, and agreed to an armistice of six weeks, and a conference at Prague, in which Austria assumed to play the part of mediator. This six weeks' cessation of hostilities was precious time to the Allies; and Austria, assured of a British subsidy, and clearly perceiving that her own interest lay in an escape from French domination, employed the interval in doubling her insignificant army. Her conduct was eminently characteristic. Even before the armistice was arranged, she sent an envoy to Napoleon instructed to urge the necessity of a general pacification, in which Austria should act the part of mediator,—alleging at the same time, her determination to insist on that policy, as a reason for the increase of her army; while she sent another envoy to the camp of the Allies to give renewed assurances that her army should act with them. Then came the conference, which ended, as it was intended, not only without any result favorable to peace, but in a declaration of war on the part of Austria.

Put Nicholas in the place of Napoleon, make allowance for the altered circumstances of the times, and the illustration drawn from the annals of 1813 is not without value in helping us to form some conception of the conduct of Austria in the present war. The different circumstances are these:

In 1813, Austria had no army—she could only, by excessive efforts, bring sixty thousand middling troops to the side of the Allies; in 1854, she wields an immense army. In 1813, her finances were at the lowest ebb; in 1854, a benevolence has raised them to a position of temporary soundness. In 1813, her interest as an empire taught her to help in battering to pieces the power of the man who held the Continent in subjection; 1854, her interest teaches her to help in thwarting the designs of a man who menaces Europe with moral if not material conquest. In 1813, she broke with France diplomatically, and announced a friendly policy of mediation; in 1854, she has done the same with regard to

Russia. In 1813, she held on with Napoleon until her measures for resistance were taken, and every contingency was guarded against; in 1854, she has held on with Nicholas, while she has increased and perfected her splendid army; and she has continued to sway from the policy of mediation towards the policy of force. In 1813, she was insincere in her project of mediation, because she, in common with all European Governments, believed that no treaty of peace to which they could agree would satisfy Napoleon; but the same reason does not exist to warrant a belief that she has been insincere as a mediator in 1854.

The power of Nicholas is not so ostensible as that of Napoleon; the danger is not so near and pressing in appearance, and her relations with Germany lead to a belief that Austria would gladly patch up a peace. If, however, she has been insincere, judging by the analogy of 1813, it must have been towards Russia; because Austria, ever anxious for the preservation of her disjointed empire, must side with those who threaten it least. As the triumph of Napoleon in 1813 would have prolonged her subjugation, perhaps led to her extinction, whereas the triumph of the Allies by her aid restored her as a great European power,—so, in 1854, Austria can lose nothing by the success of the Western Powers, whereas the success of Russia ultimately, if not instantly, must be greatly at her expense. Apart from territorial considerations, the defeat of England and France by Russia, Austria remaining neutral, would be a blow to her power which she could never recover. A joint war in alliance with Russia against England and France would certainly involve the loss of her Italian provinces, and the destruction of her rising commerce. Nothing, therefore, except judicial blindness, could carry Austria into the battle-field with the Czar against Western Europe. The fact is,

that Austria, in any European combination of forces—in any conjuncture of affairs where overbearing aggression appears on one side, and resolute defence on the other—will in the long run, by hook or by crook, side with that power which bars the way to universal empire, or even European preponderance.

It is therefore quite probable that Austria is acting in 1854 as she acted in 1813. Her interests lie, first, in preserving peace if possible, because peace offers the fewer dangers to her heterogeneous territory; secondly, in temporizing and feeling all round to ascertain her chances; thirdly, in energetic war to restore peace in conformity with her interests, as speedily and as cheaply as possible. Through the two first of these stages she seems to have already gone. In 1813, she showed greater friendliness to Russia, and sought to preserve peace by extracting concessions; in 1854, she temporizes, professes armed neutrality, threatens the Principalities so as to expel Russia, then occupies the Principalities and becomes surety for Constantinople. Nicholas, like Napoleon—anxious to secure Austrian neutrality, and certainly desirous of avoiding instant war, which, with the Turks and Allies in his front and flank, would have led to the destruction of his army—refrains from punishing the veiled hostility of Austria, even though Austria by occupying the Principalities enabled the Allies to invade the Crimea and besiege the heart of Russian power in the East. Russia is probably no longer, if indeed she ever was, the dupe of Austria; but she was powerless to prevent the catastrophe, and time was invaluable to both.

Now, we are told, Austria has signed a treaty with the Western Powers, involving open hostilities; this would be the natural and logical result of her extraordinary position, as we have shown by a reference to her traditional policy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir—I am not yet ordered to the East, but may be ere long. I have heard a great deal of the use of Colt's revolvers among officers who have been engaged in the various engagements in the Crimea, and I am persuaded that in our branch of the service (the artillery) they are eminently useful. Can you tell me whether there is any idea of providing officers and men with them, for the expense of providing a brace (which I should certainly do,) will come rather heavily on my purse? I confess that I should feel more confidence, from what I have heard, were all our men equally furnished, as in case of another drunken charge on the part of a superior force, it might save our lives, if not our guns. It seems to me very niggardly on the part of the Ord-

nance not to furnish a weapon which has been proved to be so superior. Moreover, I fear it will be found, that the Czar will not neglect this advantage; and as I learn that 100,000 of these far-famed pistols are turned out yearly in one manufactory at Hartford, in America, I should think it very likely that Russian agents are now buying them up.

I should not like to hear, when we are ordered out, that there is not time to provide us with revolvers. A hint on your part may do much, and will command my lasting gratitude.

Your obedient servant,

AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.

P. S.—The government can get their weapons at about half the price that we should give, by buying them at retail.

From The Spectator.

GIUSTINIAN'S FOUR YEARS AT THE COURT OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.*

THESE selections from the correspondence of Sebastian Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador to Henry the Eighth from 1516 to 1519, will have more interest for the historical inquirer than for the general reader. If, as Reynolds affirms, there must be a good deal of commonplace in every great work even of genius, the common must very greatly predominate in letters of business, written indeed by a well-trained diplomatist of ability, but a man of learning rather than of literary skill; especially when the business itself was not of much historical importance. Sebastian Giustinian, of the noble Venetian family which traces its origin to the Emperor Justinian, was a practised penetrating man of the world, to whom much public business and nearly sixty years had given patience, when spirit or temper would have availed him nothing or have wrought mischief. At the time when he came to England, the results of the league of Cambray had sadly reduced the Venetian republic, not only by loss of territory but of soldiers and treasure. The future was threatening further evils from the ill-will and instability of the Emperor Maximilian, the uncertain result of the contemplated French invasion of Italy by Francis the First, and the enormous expense entailed on the Signory from this condition of affairs. It would not appear that much direct aid was expected from the King of England. The object of Venice was to induce him to keep the peace; to observe a neutrality during the expedition of Francis into Italy for the recovery of Milan, which the Signory encouraged in the hopes of getting back Brescia and Verona, and as much as possible to prevent assistance from being rendered to Maximilian. The two cities were finally recovered; a general peace was patched up; and Charles the Fifth was elected Emperor of Germany before Giustinian took his departure. It can hardly be said that his residence did much to effect these objects. Events were too powerful for mere diplomacy; and neither Henry nor Wolsey was the kind of man to be led from the road, however clever the leader might be. In spite of all the Ambassador could say or do, ducats were sent to Maximilian enabling him to keep up the struggle against France and Venice till funds began to run low, and Henry to get

tired of uselessly parting with his money. Indeed, the Venetian was often put to his wits-end to turn the solicitations of the King and the Cardinal to break with France; in the course of which the Monarch and the Minister did not always stick to the truth in their assertions. The Ambassador, however, managed to keep his temper, under occasionally great provocations, and to preserve the favor of the King and Cardinal, except once when the Doge undesignedly lent himself to oppose Wolsey in a personal object. Giustinian's personal acceptance carried on the routine business and mercantile affairs of the state as successfully as any one probably could have done; but it did not sway events.

The topics of the letters less relate to business actually done than to conversations in which each party sought to make some discovery or gain some advantage by directly persuading or indirectly influencing the other. And the same end was sought in the visits of ceremony or entertainment—"the paying of court," which the Ambassador omitted no opportunity of doing. The main substance of his communications has reference to the arguments or other reasons advanced by either party in conference; but it is varied by indications of character and descriptions of behavior. The masks, the jousts, and other courtly amusements of the day, are recounted with some fulness, and there are occasional allusions to current events, though scarcely so much as might be expected. Upon the whole, the volumes do not throw so much new light upon the four years of Henry's court and reign as might have been expected. They exhibit what was known already from another point of view, and correct points of detail, rather than make what may be called discoveries. Other selections from the despatches and reports of Venetian envoys contain more personal portraiture and more historical interest than this correspondence of Giustinian; but they have been made upon a smaller scale, from a greater number of writers—the *cream* only was taken.

The letters do something towards dissipating the romance and mystery attached to the Venetian Government. Giustinian writes without any fear and with perfect freedom; in fact, there is much less ceremony and compliment than prevailed in this country at a later day, or than prevails even now. Neither is there any appearance of trick or perfidy; though of course the Ambassador puts the best face upon things. Either men employed at the head of affairs are apt to neglect the details of the branches, or the Government of Venice was not so attentive to business as is generally supposed. A modern envoy left without instructions from our Foreign Office could not have fretted more in private than

* Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador Sebastian Giustinian, and addressed to the Signory of Venice; January 12th, 1515, to July 16th, 1519. Translated by Rawdon Brown. In two volumes. Published by Smith and Elder.

did Giustinian openly for want of information or even news. This is one of many instances:

"On my presenting myself to his Majesty to pay him my respects, he asked me if I had any letter from your Sublimity. I told him I had not received letters, though I wished to speak with his Majesty about matters of moment; but as I perceived the Imperial and Spanish Ambassadors and other persons, at hand, I said I had determined to delay until another day: whereupon he rejoined, 'You shall have audience when you please; but we greatly marvel at your not receiving letters from the Signory, so many events having chanced and chancing daily.' I apologized for your Excellency as I best might, though I fancy that they credit what they please; and we two Ambassadors then took leave.

"With regard to this matter, I will not omit giving my opinion; and your Sublimity must know that, at this present, it is more necessary than ever to cultivate the friendship of King Henry, who is so well able to supply your enemies with money, and thus support the war against you, without openly declaring himself. You also perceive that here in London there are embassies from all the greatest princes in Christendom, and all hammer at this anvil—some for money and some for favor; nor does a week ever elapse without all these Ambassadors receiving missives addressed to his Majesty, indicative of great mutual confidence and good-will, whereas your Signory, which has, perhaps, greater need of his Majesty than any of the others, does not ever write; and I am thus deficient in the means of negotiating and exerting myself so fitly as I could wish, and as current events so imperiously demand."

The high-handed manner in which Wolsey treated foreign ministers frequently appears, and goes beyond words. He not only stopped the French Ambassador's letters, and opened them, but rated him for the writing. On the Envoy of the Pope he laid violent hands.

"TO THE MOST EXCELLENT COUNCIL OF TEN."

"London, December 7, 1516.

"Your Highness will now learn, that a few days ago, the Nuncio (Chieriegato) was sent for by the Right Reverend Cardinal; who, when he reached his presence, took him into a private chamber, where he laid hands on him, telling him in fierce and rude language, that he chose to know what he had written to the King of France, and what intercourse he held with me, as either he was frequently here, (at the Venetian Embassy) or my son, or the secretary, at his residence, and that he should not quit the spot until he had confessed everything; and unless he told by fair means, that he would put him to the rack. On this, high words were exchanged by either party; the Nuncio denying the charges brought against him, but admitting our intimacy, as induced by friendship and a community of literary pursuits. Concerning the King of France, he mentioned what he had written to him, and the reply received, which did not bear upon the present

matters; so the Cardinal sent to his house to seize all his papers and ciphers, but found nothing objectionable; wherefore, at the intercession of the Reverend Bishop of Winchester, he was released, permission being given him to quit the kingdom; and this he will do, his departure now being merely delayed by the expectation of pecuniary supply. The proceeding is summary, especially against a Papal Nuncio, and has appeared to me worthy the knowledge of your Excellency."

Of the power of Wolsey, and the necessity of paying court to him, the Venetian Ambassador almost goes beyond the usual opinion. Here is a passage.

"Having read these despatches with my wonted respect, I shall abide most religiously by their contents; but must remark that I perceive your Serenity leaves it optional with me, as if it were a doubtful matter, whether I ought to make the communication to Cardinal Wolsey or not. Now the fact is, as I have informed the Signory at least a hundred times, that it is necessary to address oneself to him about everything; and were it a question of neglecting his Majesty or his Right Reverend Lordship, the least injurious course would be to pass over the former. I shall therefore impart it to both, but first of all to the Cardinal, lest he resent the precedence conceded to his Majesty."

It will be seen by the opening paragraph of this more complete portrait of the Cardinal, extracted from a digest of the Ambassador's "report" to the Senate on his return to Venice, that Wolsey went further than "ego et rex meus"—sinking the "rex" altogether.

"This Cardinal is the person who rules both the King and the entire kingdom. On the Ambassador's first arrival in England, he used to say to him, '*His Majesty will do so and so*;' subsequently, by degrees, he went forgetting himself, and commenced saying, '*We shall do so and so*;' at this present he has reached such a pitch that he says, '*I shall do so and so*.'

"He is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice both civil and criminal; and all state affairs likewise are managed by him, let their nature be what it may.

"He is pensive, and has the reputation of being extremely just: he favors the people exceedingly, and especially the poor; hearing their suits, and seeking to despatch them instantly; he also makes the lawyers plead gratis for all paupers.

"He is in very great repute—seven times more so than if he were Pope. He has a very fine palace, where one traverses eight rooms before reaching his audience-chamber, and they are all hung with tapestry, which is changed once a week. He always has a sideboard of plate worth

25,000 ducats, wherever he may be; and his silver is estimated at 150,000 ducats. In his own chamber there is always a cupboard with vessels to the amount of 30,000 ducats, this being customary with the English nobility. * * *

"Cardinal Wolsey is very anxious for the Signory to send him one hundred Damascene carpets; for which he has asked several times, and expected to receive them by the last galleys. The Ambassador urged the Senate to make this present, as even should the Signory itself not choose to incur the expense, the slightest hint to the London factory would induce that body to take it on themselves; and this gift might easily settle the affair of the wines of Candia—that is to say, induce the repeal of the duties on sack imported by Venetian subjects. The Ambassador, on his departure, left the business in a fair way, and consigned all the documents concerning it to his successor; but to discuss the matter further, until the Cardinal receives his hundred carpets, would be idle. This present might make him pass a decree in our favor, and, at any rate, it would render the Cardinal friendly to our nation in other matters; for no one obtains audience from him unless at the third or fourth attempt. As he adopts this fashion with all the lords and barons of England, the Ambassador made light of it, and at length had recourse to the expedient of making an appointment through his secretary, who sometimes went six or seven times to York House before he could speak to the Cardinal.

"It is the custom for the Ambassadors, when they go to the Court, to dine there; and on his first arrival in England they ate at the Cardinal's table: but now no one is served with the viands of the sort presented to the Cardinal, until after their removal from before him."

Whether the Venetian Ambassadors were, like other mortals, accessible to flattery from crowned heads, or whether the Senate and Council of Ten understood that the great were to be complimented as a matter of course, and made their deductions accordingly, we do not know. Certainly Henry, Francis, and some other very great people, appear more gracious and excellent in the eyes of Giustinian and his colleagues than they do to posterity. The "report" on Henry the Eighth might have been transmitted to the King himself. The Ambassador, however, wrote some ten years ere "Gospel light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes," and Wolsey fell.

"His Majesty is twenty-nine years old, and extremely handsome; nature could not have done more for him; he is much handsomer than any other sovereign in Christendom; a great deal handsomer than the King of France; very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. On hearing that Francis I. wore a beard, he allowed his own to grow; and as it is reddish, he has now got a beard which looks like gold. He is very accomplished; a good musician; composes well; is a most capital horseman; a fine

joust; speaks good French, Latin, and Spanish; is very religious; hears three masses daily when he hunts, and sometimes five on other days; he hears the office every day in the Queen's chamber, that is to say, vespers and compline. He is very fond indeed of hunting, and never takes this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses, which he causes to be stationed beforehand along the line of country he may mean to take, and when one is tired he mounts another, and before he gets home they are all exhausted. He is extremely fond of tennis, at which game it is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture.

"He gambled with the French hostages to the amount, occasionally, it is said, of from six to eight thousand ducats in a day.

"He is affable, gracious, harms no one; does not covet his neighbor's goods, and is satisfied with his own dominions, having often said to the ambassador, 'Domine Orator, we want all potentates to content themselves with their own territories; we are satisfied with this island of ours.'

"He seems extremely desirous of peace."

The "Memo" in the following notice of "Bloody Mary" as a baby was a musician, who ostensibly came on a sort of musical adventure, and was introduced by the Ambassador to the Cardinal, and then to the King. The last was greatly pleased with Memo's skill, and permanently retained him. Perhaps the object alluded to in the last sentence was that originally aimed at.

After this conversation, his Majesty caused the Princess, his daughter, who is two years old, to be brought into the apartment where we were; whereupon the Right Reverend Cardinal and I, and all the other lords, kissed her hand, pro more; the greatest marks of honor being paid her universally, more than to the Queen herself. The moment she cast her eyes on the Reverend D. Dionisius Memo, who was there, at a little distance, she commenced calling out in English, 'Priest,' and he was obliged to go and play for her: after which, the King, with the Princess in his arms, came to me and said, '*Per Deum, iste est honestissimus vir et unus carissimus, nullus unquam servit mihi fidelius et melius illo, scribaris Domino vestro quod habet ipsum commendatum.*' I thanked the King, and told him he would be recommended to your Signory in proportion to the satisfaction which you might know his Majesty received from him, and that I, therefore, on my part, recommended him to his Majesty. This say I, most serene Prince, that I perceive him to be in such favor with the King that for the future he will prove an excellent instrument in matters appertaining to your Highness.

These extracts might be extended, but there is enough to indicate the nature of the better parts of the book. It is very ably edited, by a man who has devoted his time to this species of antiquarian study. An introduction gives

an informing account of the national archives still existing in manuscript at Venice, and of the sources whence these volumes have been drawn. A rather heraldic notice of the family of Giustinian follows, with a narrative of the Embassy's journey to England via Lyons and

Paris. Copious footnotes accompany the letters—furnishing full information on every questionable point—sometimes, indeed, rather more than was needed, but this is an excess on the right side.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE speech with which King Frederick William opened the sitting of his Chambers tells us little that we knew not before, but betrays how completely that anomalous monarch is still under the peculiar influence of his own constitution. He would still "mediate," if he could; and if in action he has become annexed to Austria—if henceforward he is merged in "Germany"—it is by the force of circumstances, and not of his own free will or deliberate reasoning. Indeed, there is some ground to suppose that King Frederick William is no longer master even of so much individual power as he once possessed. Although he is not aged, time has distinctly marked its ravages; his eyesight no longer enables him to read or write for himself; and his conduct would be accounted for upon the supposition, which does not originate with ourselves, that the jobbing politicians by whom he is surrounded—we cannot call them statesmen—take advantage of this infirmity to make omissions, additions, or alterations, in the despatches which they read to him. A Hamlet who has lost his eyesight, and cannot protect himself against being played upon by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, is an object of pity. But he is not the less an encumbrance upon the statesmanship of Germany and of Europe. In terms which once drew political punishment upon a public writer in this country, it may be said that never had sovereign a finer opportunity of becoming nobly popular than will the *successor* of the present incumbent of the throne of Prussia. Opportunities however, are not always improved.

It is a fact of some significance, as showing how far, even under paternal administration, the Prussian public is ahead of its Government and independent of control, that a striking paper of Anti-Russian tendency, written many years ago for another occasion, is reproduced and freely circulated in Berlin. In a recent *Life of Stein* is published a memoir by Field-Marshal Kneesebeck, speculatively sketching such a position of affairs on the continent with reference to Russia, Turkey, Austria, Germany, and the other powers, as constitutes in fact a tolerably correct description of the present state of affairs. In that memoir, the writer points out the policy of Austria to prevent an alliance between France and Russia, and the expediency of reinstating Poland as an independent state, and as a hostile guard upon the Russian frontier. The policy is entertained by many keen politicians; but the remarkable fact is that such a pamphlet is circulated and eagerly scanned under the very nose of King Frederick William, and, what is more, of his

Prime Minister, who *can* read, but who cannot command the respect of the King's subjects.

Spectator, 9 Dec.

TO MY AGED FATHER.

From the Youth's Companion.

[On hearing of his recent calamity, in having his office destroyed by the late fire in School Street.]

BY N P. WILLIS.

Cares thicken round thee as thy steps grow slow,
Father beloved!—not turn'd upon, as once,
And battled back with steadfastness unmov'd—
(That battled without fame or trump to cheer—
That hardest battle of the world—with care—
Thy life one patient victory till now!)
Faint has thy heart become. For peace thou prayest—

For less to suffer as thy strength grows less.
For, oh, when life has been a stormy wild—
The bitter night too long, the way too far—
The aged pilgrim, ere he lays him down,
Prays for a moment's tulling of the blast—
A little time to wind his cloak about him,
And smooth his gray hairs decently to die.

Yet, oh, not vain the victories unsung!
Not vain a life of industry to bless.
And thou, in angel-history—where shine
The silent self-forgetful who toil on
For others until death—art nam'd in gold.
In heaven it is known, thou hast done well!
But, not all unacknowledg'd is it, here.
Children thou hast, who, for free nurture, given
With one hand while the other fought thy cares,
Grow grateful as their own hands try the fight.
And more—they thank thee more! The name
thou leavest

Spotless and blameless as it comes from thee—
For this, their pure inheritance—a life
Of unstained honor gone before our own—
The father that we love "an honest man"—
For this, thy children bless thee.

Cheer thee, then!—
Though hopelessly thy strength may seem to fail,
And pitilessly far thy cares pursue!
What though the clouds follow to eventide
Which chased thy morn and noon across the sky!
From these thy trying hours—the hours when strength,

Most sorely press'd has won its victories—
From *life's dark trial-clouds*, that follow on,
Even to sunset—glory comes at last!
Clouds are the glory of the dying day—
A glory that, though welcoming to heaven,
Illumes the parting hour ere day is gone!

From the Times, 12 Dec.

CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

It is now fourteen years since this country entered on a new course of policy with regard to the Canadas, and the experiment may now be said to be fully and completely worked out. The change was a bold and striking one, conceived in a spirit of almost epigrammatical antithesis to our former policy. The old system was, in few words, to monopolize the trade, to interfere with the local concerns of the colony, and to absorb its patronage, and, in exchange for all this, to keep up, at a great expense, a military establishment. The new system has consisted in precisely the contrary of all this—in throwing open the trade of the whole world to our dependencies, in leaving every office of trust and emolument—except that of the Governor-General, which serves as the connecting link between the mother country and the dependency—entirely open to colonial talent and enterprise, in religiously abstaining from all interference whatever in local concerns, and in relieving the parent State from the expense of maintaining, at any rate in time of peace, a military force for the protection of its hardy and independent subjects. Dire were the prognostications of evil with which the advent of this policy was hailed. It was said to be the first step towards the dissolution of the connection between the colony and the mother country, and all the terrors which agitated men's minds so vainly at the close of the first American war were called up anew to terrify us from our generous policy towards Canada. Our concessions were at first imperfect and inadequate, and a period of turbulence and discontent followed, which was only put an end to when the results of the principles established in 1840 were fully worked out and conceded. The right of dealing with the Clergy Reserves was only conceded in the session of 1853, after a stout opposition from Lord DERBY; and this year we have seen, also in contravention of the principles of Lord DERBY, the trade of Canada thrown open to the United States, and the freest intercourse invited and encouraged. In this year also we have withdrawn from Canada the bulk of our forces, leaving only, we are bound to say, just as many troops in Quebec as are sufficient to keep up the memory and appearance of military occupation, when the reality has passed away for ever. At this period, then, the dismemberment of the empire ought to be complete, and Canada, freed from all shackles and bound by no material ties, might be supposed about to drift away from us for ever. Let those who take this view of the subject consider what has taken place in Canada during the last week

up to which we have any intelligence. The bills for secularizing the Clergy Reserves and for abolishing the seigniorial tenures had passed a third reading in the House of Assembly. At the same time both Houses of the Canadian Parliament had agreed to a vote of 20,000*l.* in aid of the Patriotic Fund, affording thus the most decisive proof of the sympathy which the inhabitants of the colony feel in our present struggle, and of their disposition, were their aid needed, to give it freely in support of a country in which they recognize no longer a harsh and domineering mistress, but a kind and respectful friend. In this very Canada—where, not twenty years ago, the people rose in armed rebellion against what they believed the intolerable yoke of Great Britain, where the supplies used to be stopped every year, and a Governor was fortunate who escaped both mobbing and impeachment,—this is the language of an influential member of the press with regard to this noble donation:—"A weekly contemporary proposes a contribution towards the expenses of the war itself. We see no reason for that as yet, but, should the struggle be unhappily prolonged, as there is great reason to fear it will, the time may come when it may be our duty to contribute, not money only, but men also—not to give of our substance alone, but to shed our blood as well; and this we believe, should urgent necessity arise, will be cheerfully done." Such a manifesto, expressing, as we have every reason to believe it does, the public opinion of the country, is more gratifying to England, and conveys more positive assurance of strength, than the costliest fleets, and the most numerous armies. We have men and money amply sufficient, we believe—especially when fortified by such allies as we possess,—to bring the present war to a successful and glorious termination. But if our hopes should be deceived in this particular, and we are just suffering in the protracted anxiety of the siege of Sebastopol a severe lesson on the vanity of apparently the best-founded expectations, it is cheering to know that there are beyond the Atlantic hearts that would feel for and hands that would aid us. The United States of America, now long emancipated from our Government, give but a dubious response in favor of the liberties of Europe and of the cause of that country to which they owe their existence. In this, as in so many instances, the advocates of free institutions all over the world are grieved to find how strong a sympathy may exist between certain of the democrats of one hemisphere and the tyrants and oppressors of another. But in Canada the public voice is not divided, and, recognizing the blessings of their alliance with Great Britain, her people heartily iden-

tify themselves with us in sentiment as in interest.

When we can point to such magnificent results of the system of colonial enfranchisement—when we can show that the prosperity and contentment of our colonies vary much more in proportion to the degree in which the Colonial-office leaves to them the management of their own affairs than in proportion to their acquired or natural advantages—we must express our surprise that the Canadian system has not been made universal, and that so many and such important settlements are still left in a state of dependance on remote authority, with just enough of freedom to excite their aspirations, and a constant and vexatious interference to irritate their passions. The natural and normal state of every British colony

is one of affectionate regard and attachment to the mother country, and only by the most perverse and vexatious interference can these feelings be overcome. Of these things no statesman can plead ignorance with the example of Canada to warn and to instruct him. When governed by the Colonial-office, nothing could exceed her alienation and discontent. When governed by herself, words are weak to do justice to her loyalty and attachment. The whole secret of binding together our great empire by an indissoluble chain is to respect the rights of every part of it, and to treat our fellow-subjects so well that they shall have no desire for a change. This has already been done in North America; how long are we to wait for its accomplishment in Australia?

A STEAM BATTERY.

A CAPITAL JOKE appeared the other day in the *Times*. A correspondent of that journal proposed to batter Sebastopol by means of Perkins's Steam-gun. This proposal has no doubt excited as much laughter as the very best thing in Joe Miller. Of course it is perfectly absurd. Why? Oh, nonsense! Yes, but why absurd? Oh, fiddlestick!—pack of stuff! Nay, but, how so? How? why, of course, the thing is impossible—that is, impracticable—in other words, can't be done.

What a laughable idea was that of Steam-navigation when first started! When it became a fact, how ridiculous was the hope of its utility to any extent! That hope, however, having been justified, how unreasonable it was to expect that a steam-vessel would ever cross the Atlantic; and how utterly preposterous was the chimera of railroads!—Haw, haw, haw! chorused the old gentlemen, and some of the young ones, at each of these anticipated failures in succession—heehaw! The impossibilities all came to pass, though.

Nevertheless, let us laugh at the suggestion of trying Perkins's Steam-gun against Sebastopol. To be sure the son of Mr. Perkins declares that he is "prepared to undertake to supply the Government with a Steam-gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles." It is true that he adds the assurance that, with such a gun, fixed in Brunel's large ship of 10,000 tons, Sebastopol might be destroyed without [our] losing a man." No doubt that to throw a ball of a ton weight five miles, by steam, may be a less difficult thing than to drag several tons, any number of miles, three or four times faster than a stage-coach. But, then, fancy a gun loaded with steam instead of powder! What a queer gun! And a bullet of a ton weight! Imagine such an odd projectile. It strikes one as so droll. Ho, ho! Try it! Oh, pooh!

Yet we do try some things which we are by no means sure will answer. We try expeditions without knowing what force they will have to encounter. We try to batter a fortress by means of ordinary ordnance, without being at all certain

that our missiles are capable of demolishing its walls. We try all this at enormous expense: and why? Because it is usual; because it is the regular thing: because we do.

If we were to try the Steam-gun and fail, the Russians would laugh at us. Of course, they don't laugh at us when our vessels run aground, or our shot and shell fall short.

If we fail—we fail: and it is a failure to the extent of the cost of the experiment. Is the risk equal to that of one transport in a storm—of one regiment in a battle? If we succeed—only think how much we save. What fun that would be. So let us laugh at the mention of Perkins's Steam-gun—but laugh to think that it is not tried—laugh with Mr. Bright, and the Greeks, and the Russians—laugh on the other side of the mouth than the right.—*Punch*.

THE ceremony known as "the trial of the Pyx," in other words the testing of the coinage of the realm by a jury of goldsmiths, was performed on 6th December, at the Exchequer Office, Whitehall. The last trial took place four years ago. The order of it was this. The Lord Chancellor and four Privy Councillors, namely, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chief Baron, the President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Edward Ryan, assembled and formed a court; The Master of the Mint and his principal officers being present. The pyx, or the boxes containing specimens of the coinage from 16th December 1850 to 30th June 1854, stood on the table. The gold represented was 28,838,534*l*. 16*s*. 10*d*., of the standard of 22 carats of fine gold and two carats of alloy. The amount of silver was 1,030,005*l*. 1*s*. 3*d*., of the standard of 11 ounces 2 pennyweights of fine silver and 18 pennyweights of alloy. There was also a bar of standard gold whereby to test the coinage. A jury of goldsmiths having been sworn, they were charged by the Lord Chancellor; and a piece of the standard gold having been clipped off, the boxes were conveyed to Goldsmiths' Hall, where the trial took place. The report of the jury, presented on Thursday, finds the coinage of the required weight and fineness—in fact, rather in favor of the public.

From The Spectator.

DR. DORAN'S HABITS AND MEN.*

By "habits" Dr. Doran does not mean that persistence in conduct or behavior which at last becomes a "second nature," and establishes customs or manners; but those "habits" which originated with the Fall, and have ever since continued the *mode* of mankind. Clothes, and the men who wore or made them, are the subject of the Doctor; the "more worthy" gender of the ungallant grammarians, including the better half of creation. He runs over the history of dress from the earliest records on the monuments of Egypt, down to the last great luminary of the last generation, Beau Brummell, with a slight allusion to the beau we have lately lost, Count D'Orsay,—just merely to intimate that the author has reached ground where the tread must be tender, and to point the moral of excess in habits.

His career only furnished a further proof that the profession of a beau is not a paying one. He was great in a Fieldingian sense, and according to the poet's maxim, which says, "Base is the slave that pays." Mere generosity does not make a gentleman; and even generosity that is oblivious of justice is of no value. There was really nothing to admire in him. A recent "friend and acquaintance," indeed, has been so hard put to it to find out a virtue in D'Orsay, that he has fixed upon his neglect of paying his creditors as one; and the "friend" thinks that it was sufficient honor for tradesmen to have him for their debtor!"

Between these wide extremes—the Jews as pictorially dressed at Beni Hassan, and as actually victimized by modern beaux—the author expatiates on striking dresses and striking dressers; illustrating the mass from history and the individual by biography. Dress, however, is construed widely. It not only embraces gloves, hats, and buttons, but beards, and incidentally sundry accessories necessary to "the glass of fashion." In spite of his depth of research and amplitude of exposition, Dr. Doran does not quite reach the fundamentals of his subject. We have no investigation into the laws of habits, no attempt to fix the philosophy of dress. "What a piece of work is man! . . . the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" Yet it is held proper to disguise this paragon. In dress the principle of "tights" is considered a false principle. We are referred for beauty to the flowing blanket of the ancients or the ample trousers of the Turk; yet such is the inconsistency of "judgment by

perception," that we ridicule the nether garment of the Dutchman. Why is this? Is it association of ideas? Does a latent moral sense overcome "the beauty of the world?" Do "pants" and a tailless jacket suggest the notion of stinginess? or worse than stinginess, want of money? or lower still, want of credit with a tailor? while in flowing robes and capacious nethers we have the idea of ample means? Or does the principle that to imitate is not to copy servilely, lurk under what the present generation cannot remember, the uniform of the London Light Horse Volunteers? Why do judges pronounce our modern habits to surpass those of all other times and peoples in ugliness? Is it our impossible attempt to combine opposites that cause our failure; to have garments neither tight nor loose, with a tail behind which, whether "swallow" or spread, unconsciously suggests to the mind the idea of the parent monkey to which Monboddo traced us? These are matters, Doctor, that require settlement and are worthy of thy skill.

We can wait patiently for a second edition of *Habits and Men*, which probably will not be long in coming. Meanwhile, we can be entertained with the wide and curious reading, the well selected facts and illustrations touching dress, the anecdotes of the wearers, and the notices or biographies of the leaders of ton, in which we are happy to say old England is preëminent. Beau Fielding, Beau Nash, Beau Brummell, rise to the mind, as heroes of the beau monde who reached excellence in habits by a liberal expenditure of their own time and other people's money. Neither should the tailors whom Dr. Doran commemorates be overlooked in the list of national worthies,—Hawkwood the heroic tailor, Admiral Hobson the naval tailor, Stow and Speed the antiquarian tailors, Pepys the official tailor, Ryan the theatrical tailor, Paul Whitehead the ppet tailor; and surely as well as "Mems. of Merchant Tailors," there was a regiment of tailors, Elliott's Light Horse, who could beat the enemy, but were not permitted to reform their own habits.

Homer sometimes nods, and the sun has spots; how then can Dr. Doran be faultless? At times, more especially at the opening, his pen runs away with him; he wishes to substitute writing for matter: but this may be mere prelude to get his hand in. Akin to the defect of overwriting is rather a tendency to overdoing. There are slips too in his chronology, and we suspect he might be puzzled to produce authorities for some of his facts. His "good stories" are obnoxious to a similar remark; but who cares for the authenticity of a joke? Like an old deed, it proves itself.—Here is a passage from stage-dresses, where the author is his own authority.

* *Habits and Men*, with Remnants of Record touching the Makers of both, By Dr. Doran, Author of "Table Traits," etc. Published by Bentley.

Our provincial theatres exhibit some strange anomalies with regard to costume, and there the sons and daughters of to-day have middle aged sires wearing the costume of the time of George I. But the most singular anomaly in dress ever encountered by my experience, was at a small theatre in Ireland, not very far from Sligo. The entertainment consisted of *Venice Preserved*, and the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. The Venetian ladies and gentlemen were attired in every possible variety of costume; yet not one of them wore a dress that could have been distinguished at any period as being once worn by any people, civilized or savage. Jaffer and Pierre, however, presented the greatest singularity, for they were not only indescribably decked, but they had but one pair of buskin boots between them; and accordingly, when it was necessary for both to be in presence of the audience, each stood at the side-scene with a single leg protruded into sight and duly booted.

* * * * *

Another coincidence struck me in the Irish theatre. The performance was announced as for the benefit of a certain actor and his creditors. I should have set this down as Irish humor, had I not remembered having read that Spiller, in 1719, had made the same announcement at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It is usually said that John Kemble was the first who attended to accuracy of stage costume, or at least who dispensed with "Cato's wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair." If Dr. Doran "has writ his annals true," Kemble only reduced the reform to system; it had been introduced before upon occasion.

Paul Whitehead, the tailor-poet, used to say, that the taste of the nation depended upon Garrick. Davy's own taste was very questionable in some respects, for he played Macbeth in the then costume of a general officer, with scarlet coat, gold lace, a and tail-wig. All the other actors were attired in similar dresses; and if Malcolm, on seeing Rosse at a distance, exclaimed, "My countryman!" he was quite right to exclaim, on seeing an English recruiting-sergeant advance, "and yet I know him not!" But Rosse might have said as much of Malcolm. It was Macklin who first put Macbeth and all the characters into national costume, when he played the chief character himself in 1773; and all the thanks he got for it was in the remark that he looked like a drunken Scotch piper—which he did. But Macbeth in kilts is nearly as great an anomaly as when he is in the uniform of a brigadier-general; and even Mr. Charles Kean, though he exhibited the Thane short-petticoated, seemed glad to get into long clothes and propriety as soon as the Thane had grown into a king.

Macklin was a comedian rather than a tragedian; and it is singular that it is to another comic actor we owe the correct dressing of Othello. It was in the latter character that Foote made his first appearance in London, at the Haymarket, in 1744. He was announced as a "gentle-

man," whose Othello "will be new dressed, after the manner of his country."

A bit of genealogy, perhaps as true as most heraldic stories.

One of the greatest of the North Sea chieftains derived his name from his dress, and Ragnar Lodbroch means Ralph Leatherbreeches. The Lethbridges of Somersetshire are said to be descendants from this worthy. They might go further in search of an ancestor and fare worse. Lodbroch delighted in blood and plunder; wine he drank by the quart; wealth he acquired by "right of might;" he believed in little, and feared even less. A family anxious to assert its nobility could hardly do better than hold fast by such a hero. Many a genealogical tree springs from a less illustrious root.

A story of a mode invented by the Merry Monarch, and beaten out of fashion by le Grand Monarque.

Charles II. of England, was the inventor of the "vest dress." It consisted of a long cassock, which fitted close to the body, of black cloth, "pinked" with white silk under it, and a coat over all; the legs were ruffled with black rib-and, like a pigeon's leg; and the white silk piercing the black made the wearers look, as Charles himself confessed, very much like magpies. But all the world put it on, because it had been fashioned by a monarch; and gay men thought it exquisite, and grave men pronounced it "comely and manly." Charles declared he would never alter it; while his courtiers "gave him gold by way of wagers that he would not persist in his resolution." Louis XIV. showed his contempt for the new mode and the maker of it, by ordering all his footmen to be put into vests. This caused great indignation in England; but it had a marked effect in another way, for Charles and our aristocracy, not caring to look like French footmen, soon abandoned the new costume.

THE REVUE CONTEMPORAINE. — Compared with England, France is poor in periodical literature. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has hitherto enjoyed almost a monopoly, and its able articles have enabled it to maintain the high position it had achieved. A formidable rival has now entered the lists against it, edited by le Vicomte Alphonse de Calonne. Its principles are Liberal-Conservative. Founded on a similar plan to that of its rival, it purposes devoting a large portion of its pages to English literature. Among the contributors we find the names of MM. Guizot, Villemain, de Salvandy, Mermée, Alfred Nettement, Philaréte Charles, de Calonne, etc. The November number contains an elaborate historical and statistical account of the Crimea, being a fuller narrative on that country than any we have before seen. It is compiled with great care, and cannot fail to attract the attention it deserves at the present moment. The *Chronique*, or political retrospect for the fortnight, is very ably written by M. de Calonne.

From The Spectator.

THE OLD CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.*

THE author of "Mary Powell" has introduced the reader to the manners of almost every age in English history of which a sufficient record of manners remain. We had the Plantagenets in "Queen Philippa's Golden Book"; the Tudors in "The Household of Sir Thomas More," in "Jack and the Tanner," a tale of Edward the Sixth, and in the story of "Edward Osborne," the founder of the house of Leeds. "Mary Powell" represented the first Charles Stuart and the Commonwealth. In "Cherry and Violet," a tale of the great Plague, there was the Restoration. In the present story of *The Old Chelsea Bun-House*, the author introduces us to the manners of our great grandfathers of the last century, with its fine-lady coarseness and its beaux and wits, its masquerades, its "long stages," its highwaymen, its strongly-demarcated classes of society, but perhaps after all its greater heartiness, joviality, and enjoyment.

The story of the *Old Chelsea Bun-House* is not much. Like the other tales of this author, it is a vehicle for a description of manners in the style of the age. There is a respectable family reduced to keep the bun-house by the passion of the father for old china and something stronger than its appropriate tea. Full of good feeling, they receive Gatty, the attendant of a fine lady, who comes with a party to enjoy herself in the gardens, and the poor girl being suddenly taken ill, her mistress, dreading infection, is glad to leave her. Gatty is the handsome daughter of a country curate, and has taken hard service with a distant relative to relieve her widowed mother. Her illness at the bun-house naturally introduces a physician of the old school; who, however inferior he might be to his successors in scientific acquirements, exercised his profession with less of a trader's spirit than is customary now. There is a curate lodging at the bun-house for relaxation and country air,—Chelsea then was in the country; and being a literary aspirant, he and the girls bring a wit and a beau or two about the house. The story which connects all these parties is pleasantly conducted, with enough of variety and incident to interest without exciting, and winds up pleasantly, as is the writer's wont.

Although the author is limited to one class of work, and has written so many tales of that

class, there is less sameness than might have been looked for, in consequence of a continual change of age and subject. There is a turn for manners, and with the turn comes the study of them, and the art of painting them. There is skill enough to combine them with the story without rendering them unduly prominent; and although possibly a critic who lived at the time might object to the artificial air and something more, they pass muster well enough with this generation. Here is a picture with which that age was familiar. It occurs when Gatty is going home on a visit to her mother, and meets a neighboring squire in the coach.

"The Squire chatted so cordially with me, however, that I had little time to think of disagreeables; and when he had told me all he had to tell, he fell to questioning. Most of the passengers were nodding; which was all the better, as I did not like mentioning names before folks. By-and-by, the Squire became quiet, and I guessed he was going to nod too; but, stealing a look at him, I saw he was only thinking. We were now going slowly over a heavy sandy road, and the coach rocked a good deal, and sometimes stuck. I feared once or twice we should be overturned; but the Squire said, 'no danger;' and to divert my attention, pointed out a gibbet across the heath, on which a highwayman hung in chains; no very pleasant object. As I looked somewhat apprehensively towards it, suddenly the open window was blocked up by a horseman with black crape over his face, who, crying: 'Your money or your lives!' fired straight through the coach, so as to shatter the opposite glass. The next moment, another highwayman appeared at the other window. There's no describing the noise, uproar, and confusion, the smoke, stench of gunpowder, shrieking of women, and barking of the puppy. The next moment, our stout old Squire, disengaging a blunderbuss from its sling over our heads, presented the muzzle full at the highwayman, who had not yet fired, and sprang out of the coach with it; on which, the man galloped up the bank, stooping low, so as to keep his horse's neck between his head and the piece; at the same time dropping his pistol, which was secured to his waist by a leathern strap. He called to the postilion who rode our third horse, 'Drive on!' 'No—stop!' cries the Squire, 'for I see another coach coming up, which may contain an unarmed party!' The highwayman reiterating, 'Drive on!' galloped across the heath, followed by his two companions; for a third had been at our first horse's head all the while. The Squire continued levelling his piece at them as long as they were within range; then took off his hat, wiped his head, and turned about to us with a look of satisfaction. The other two men, who all this while had been as white as death and as still as stones, now cried, 'Well done, Squire! we're much indebted to you! while the outside passengers gave him three cheers.'

* The Old Chelsea Bun-House; a Tale of the Last Century. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Published by Hall and Co.

From The Spectator.

WOMEN AS THEY ARE.*

THE world is ever moving however slowly, and those who do not move with it will be left behind. This is more especially the case in authorship, where there may be repose, but no standing still. "An author who cannot ascend will always appear to sink," says Gibbon. In most cases he *does* sink, and below himself. Unless there be a new subject or fresh matter, the probability is that the writer will only repeat the previous theme, with attempts at variations lacking freshness and spontaneity, to which may be added a development of mannerism, if the nature of the writer has any tendency towards that ill quality.

Something of this will be found in *Women as they Are*. The writer, indeed, may have apparently chosen quite a different walk; but the "idea" is similar; so is the feeling or sentiment; and the scheme of the tale is one which encourages a fault visible in the author's previous novel,—a tendency to postpone incident and narrative to *writing*; to descriptions of external nature or inward feelings, to metaphysical speculations, or to reflections that for want of a more definite term may be termed moral.

"Margaret, or Prejudice at Home"—that is, in England—looked at life from a discontented point of view. The misery of the poor was broadly charged upon the vices and hypocrisy of the rich; so that to appear respectable, or to be wealthy, sufficed to insure from the writer an odious delineation. Still the idea was developed in a form at once narrative and dramatic. If the prejudices of the novelist were quite as strong as those she undertook to expose, the exposure was brought about by incident and story, with considerable variety of persons and adventures, however extreme or unlikely they might be. In a preface to the work before us, defending herself against charges of an imitation of *Villette* and an attempt to run counter to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the writer explains the feelings she displays by a reference to the "recollection of her own joyless and hardly-tasked youth;" a fact which accounts for but does not critically justify the perverted exhibition of society. In the present novel the same feeling is visible in a more modified form. There is less of attack upon society at large, but neither is society so broadly painted. There is, consequently, not so much interest in the picture. There is, however, the same disposition to look at life in order to exhibit depreciatingly and judge sternly those active and practical qualities by which, after all, life is supported and society in many things advanced.

* *Women as they Are*. By One of Them. By the author of 'Margaret: or Prejudice at Home.' In two vols. Published by Bentley.

In form, the book is an autobiography of Amy Floyd, the native of a beautiful and retired village in the North of Lancashire. Remote position, an unworldly father, a singular clergyman of the Calvinistic school, a selfish, vulgar, pushing mother-in-law, and a romantic yet self-retiring disposition, contribute to form a peculiar character. Mr. Floyd's sudden death and embarrassed circumstances eventually compel Amy to take a "situation" with a coarse-minded but not altogether bad person; from whom she is rescued by a marriage that has only been delayed by a shipwreck.

There is nothing very new in this, nor in the many persons and scenes attached to it. Novelty, however, might have been spared, had there been movement and more of action to stimulate the reader. But a large portion of the book is a minutely full exposition of character and its growth, often by description, always by trivial occurrences that are intended to derive their interest from the metaphysical display of the individual. As the story advances, there is more of narrative; but the narrative is pervaded by the personality of the writer. We are told so and so, rather than shown it. Things are less impressed upon us than pointed out to us. This renders the book slow, if not tedious.

The writing, however, is of a remarkable description: close, thoughtful, vigorous, and powerful, the result of a painful experience, and as a consequence a hard observation of life; though it is qualified by such formal admissions as that doubtless the amiable is weak and the practical necessary. The following from the mouth of the clergyman, for awhile Amy's teacher, Elijah Pyne, is a sample of the writer.

You are precocious in a dangerous way: you fancy you are clever; perhaps you fancy that you are a genius; yes, I see you do by that look. Be quiet! You have yet much to learn, and much to suffer; and suffering may set you right. If you live you will shortly be a woman, and womanhood will teach you that a fearful penalty must be incurred by any straying out of the bounds prescribed for your sex. To what extent has a disordered imagination bewildered and unfitted you for the common duties of life? What is it you have proposed to yourself to do? what connection have you established betwixt your ideal world and this real one, of which you know nothing? Do you imagine you possess the power that enabled some of your favorites to speak to the universal heart, and command the attention and homage that should only await them that have a direct mission from God to His creatures? The greatest man amongst the intellectually great has had his first struggle with apathy, with unbelief, with jealousy, with derision; and his final triumph has rarely tended to make others wiser or better, still less to satisfy himself. This is not woman's work. It is your father's

wish that for the future you should receive instruction from me, and I undertake the task in the hope of benefitting you both. You will find me a stern monitor; but you may live to see the day in which you will thank me, for these are not times in which to trifle with truth.

This is a nice picture of a delicate child, who, unconscious of her danger, only wishes to be at rest.

"Ellen, oddly enough, had sidled up to Mr. Mostyn on seeing how gently he dealt with Walter; and one, wan, tiny hand was resting quietly in his, as Mrs. Floyd spoke.

"She is a frail little thing," he said, stooping and kissing her; "a very snowdrop, reminding me of wintry skies."

"Not likely to weather the spring, I think," said Mark.

"I saw Mr. Mostyn shake his head as I went out with her and Walter. I looked at her more intently than I had been accustomed to do, startled by what I had seen and heard, and I wondered that I had never noticed before how corpse-like her face was. Slowly, scarcely perceptibly, she was fading from our eyes, melting away like a veritable image of snow; and we had become accustomed to this process, so quiet that it was no trouble to us. But who amongst us was prepared for the final passing from mortal sight, at which Mark hinted?"

"Not I. I clung tenaciously to the few ties that made my home upon earth, and I shrank from such a severing of them as this new-born thought threatened. With all the love that was in my heart, quickened by my dread of what might be coming, and by some remorse for past apathy, I took the child in my arms when we had reached the garden, and caressed her with all the passionate eagerness of my alarmed and dissatisfied affection. But Ellen, placid, undemonstrative, save in her shrinking calmness, as if this outburst of mine was a shock to her, feeble in her whole organization as she was, gently struggled in my clasp, and in low, wailing tones, asked me to release her.

"Oh, Ellen," I said, hurt at meeting no response, "you don't love sister Amy!"

"I do love you very much," said Ellen; "but I am so tired, sister. I like to sit still and look at the sky and the weeds here. I love the weeds. They don't grow in other gardens as they do in ours; and I don't like other gardens. The bright flowers make my eyes ache, and they are always coming and going, and that wearies me. I like the long grass and the moss, green and gray. When the wind blows it shakes the tall trees, and they disturb me; but the grass waves gently, and the moss scarcely stirs; that's why I like the moss and grass. I like everything that is quiet."

RAILWAYS IN RUSSIA.

THE carriage allotted for my special use was about ten feet square; it was furnished with two sofas and chairs, a small card-table, and two side tables. On the sofas I could have reclined at full length—a convenience very desirable, and generally denied us on English railways: the sofas and chairs had air-cushions, and were very comfortable. I looked into several first and second class carriages, and they all appeared nicely fitted up, although not like the one assigned to me; the second class carriages had seats and cushions superior to those of the first class on English railways, and afforded plenty of room to each individual, allowing of his sitting without cramping his knees upon those of the person opposite to him. We left Moscow at eleven o'clock precisely; Mr. Sharman, my servant, and myself, occupying this little room to ourselves; our luggage was stowed away in another carriage. . . . I was pleased to perceive that there was no unnecessary hurry in the railway movements, such as those which annoy the English traveller: plenty of time was allowed at every station to the passengers to take their meals, and in each there was all that could be required in the way of refreshments. The time allowed for the train to pass from one station to another is carefully fixed for the driver, who dare not arrive a minute sooner or later; so that in some cases we had to go very slowly, in order not to arrive before the time. This, however, is not unpleasant, as

people on the continent do not give way to that nervous hurry which fidgets us and shortens our lives. Who in England has time to look around him? Rich and poor seem to be urged along by an impetus which prevents their thinking of anything except of their next appointment; and as soon as that is kept, their thoughts fly to the next.—*Roger's English Prisoners in Russia.*

A CENTENNIAL PEAL.—The bells of Christ Church were first chimed on the 31st of December, 1754, one hundred years ago. They constituted the second full chime introduced into America, the first having been erected in Boston. These bells rung out a merry peal last night, as the old year left us to join the venerable past, and the new year dawned. A hundred years ago those old bells rung out a greeting to a new year, when old Philadelphia had no dream of the glorious events which were to be transacted within her limits, and her most public spirited citizens no conception of the proud position she was destined to achieve in the eyes of the world. The city has outgrown the sound of that sweet chime which, a hundred years ago, reached every inhabitant; but still the old bells remain to ring out merry music when a new year arrives; and long may they be spared, till the sound of Christ Church bells shall become to a Philadelphian what the sound of Bow Bells are to a citizen of London—"an old familiar" sound—a sound of home.—*North American.*

From The Times.

THE LATE JOHN LOCKHART.

THE hand of death, though most conspicuous of late in the battlefield, has not been idle in the walks of science and literature. Some, indeed, of the men of note whom we have recently lost are of so great eminence that we look around among the rising generation with something like despair to find any capable of filling the gaps which have been left.

Such a one was John Gibson Lockhart, the biographer and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, who now lies in the same grave with him at Dryburgh. Mr. Lockhart was the second surviving son of a Scotch clergyman, of gentle descent and old family, in the county of Lanark. He was born, 1794, in the manse of Cambusnethen, whence his father was transferred, 1796, to Glasgow, where John Lockhart was reared and educated. The inheritance of genius (as in many other instances) would appear to have come from his mother, who had some of the blood of the Erskines in her veins. His appetite for reading, even as a boy, was great. Though somewhat idle as regards school study, he yet distinguished himself both at school and college, outstripping his more studious competitors, and finally obtaining, by the unanimous award of the Professors, the Snell Exhibition to Balliol College, Oxford, where he was entered, 1809, at the early age of 15. Dr. Jenkyns, the present Dean of Wells, was his tutor. Before leaving the University he took honors as a first-class man. After a sojourn in Germany sufficiently long to enable him to acquire its language and a taste for its literature, he was called to the Scottish bar in 1816; but, though endowed with perseverance and acuteness sufficient to constitute a first-rate lawyer, he wanted the gift of eloquence to enable him to shine as an advocate. As he naively confessed to a party of friends assembled to bid him farewell on his departure from Scotland for London, "You know as well as I that if I had ever been able to make a speech there would have been no cause for our present meeting." His wit, his learning, and extensive reading found, however, a ready outlet through his pen. In 1818 Lockhart was introduced to Scott, who in 1820 evinced his esteem and affection for him by giving him in marriage his eldest daughter. At Scott's death in 1832, he was left sole literary executor. Many of the clearest things in Blackwood's Magazine (established in 1817) were written by Lockhart in concert with his friends John Wilson, Captain Hamilton, Hogg, etc., and much ill-blood was caused among the Whigs, who, from assailants, now began to be assailed by opponents of no mean skill in fence. Party warfare then ran high in Edinburgh; much ill-blood was engen-

dered. Unfortunately, the strife was not confined to squibs, and at least one fatal catastrophe was the result. These events left a lasting impression on Lockhart's mind, and when, in 1826, he was invited to become editor of the Quarterly Review, he quitted Edinburgh without regret, with his family, as he received from the Government of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington the post of Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The management of the Quarterly Review, to which he contributed many valuable papers, chiefly biographical, continued in his hands for 28 years, down to 1853, when his failing health compelled him to resign the labor. The latter years of his life were mournfully darkened by domestic calamity. The death in succession of his eldest boy—the pet of Sir Walter, the "Hugh Littlejohn" for whose instruction he wrote *Tales of a Grandfather*—of his wife, and all the other members of Sir Walter Scott's family, were followed and wound up by that of his only surviving son, under circumstances of poignant grief to a father's heart. The vials of sorrow seemed to have been emptied upon his head. With broken health and spirits he betook himself to Rome, by medical advice, with slight hope on his own part of benefit. Having little taste for foreign travel, he returned home in the spring of the present year. He made a partial rally on his arrival in Scotland, but a very severe attack of diarrhoea in the month of October shattered his already enfeebled frame; he was removed from Milton Lockhart, the house of his eldest brother, M. P. for Lanark, under the care of his old friend, Dr. Ferguson, to Abbotsford, where he breathed his last, on the 25th of November, in the arms of his daughter, the sole survivor of the line of Scott in the second generation.

It is not in the first few days of regret for Mr. Lockhart's loss that the extent of it can be best defined. Long will it be before those who knew him can admit his life and his death into the same thought; for much as he had suffered, mind and body, and precarious as had been his state, there had been no decline of that which constituted Lockhart—the acuteness, the vigor, the marvellous memory, the flashing wit, swift to sever truth from falsehood—the stores of knowledge, ever ready and bright, never displayed. Although his reputation has been confined to literature, and although, by early-amassed knowledge and long-sharpened thought, he had reared himself into a pillar of literary strength, yet the leading qualities of his mind would have fitted him for any part where far-sighted sagacity, iron self-control, and rapid instinctive judgment mark the born leader of others. Nor did he care for literary triumphs, or trials of strength, but rather avoided them with shrink-

ing reserve. Far from seeking, he could never even be induced to take the place which his reputation and his talents assigned him; he entered society rather to unbend his powers than to exert them. Playful raillery, inimitable in ease and brilliancy, with old friend, simple child, or with the gentlest or humblest present, was the relaxation he most cared to indulge, and if that were denied him, and especially if expected to stand forward and shine, he would shut himself up altogether.

Reserve, indeed—too often misunderstood in its origin, ascribed to coldness and pride when its only source was the rarest modesty and hatred of exhibition—with shyness both personal and national, was his strong external characteristic. Those whose acquaintance he was expressly invited to make would find no access allowed them to his mind, and go disappointed away, knowing only that they had seen one of the most interesting, most mysterious, but most chilling of men, for their very deference had made him retire further from them. Most happy was Lockhart when he could literally take the lowest place, and there complacently listen to the strife of conversers, till some dilemma in the chain of recollection or argument arose, and then the ready memory drew forth the missing link, and the keen sagacity fitted it home to its place, and what all wanted and no one else could supply was murmured out in choice, precise, but most unstudied words.—And there were occasions also when the expression of the listener was not so complacent—when the point at issue was not one of memory or of fact, but of the subtler shades of right and wrong: and then the scorn on the lip and the cloud on the brow were but the prelude to some strong, wiry sentence, withering in its sarcasm and unanswerable in its sense, which scattered all sophistry to the winds before it.

Far remote was he from the usual conditions of genius—its simplicity, its foibles, and its follies. Lockhart had fought the whole battle of life, both within and without, and borne more than its share of sorrow. So acute, satirical, and unsparing was his intellect that, had Lockhart been endowed with that alone, he would have been the most brilliant, but the most dangerous of men; but so strong, upright, and true were his moral qualities also that, had he been a dunce in attainments or a fool in wit, he must still have been recognized as an extraordinary man. We will not call it unfortunate, for it was the necessary consequence of the very conditions of his life and nature, that while his intellect was known to all, his heart could be known comparatively to few. All knew how unsparing he was to morbid and sickly sentiment, but few could tell how tender he was to

genuine feeling. All could see how he despised every species of vanity, pretension, and cant; but few had the opportunity of witnessing his unflinching homage to the humblest or even stupidest worth. Many will believe what caustic he was to a false grief; few could credit what balm to a real one. His indomitable reserve never prevented his intellect from having fair play, but it greatly impeded the justice due to his nobler part.

It was characteristic of Lockhart's peculiar individuality that, wherever he was at all known, whether by man or woman, by poet, man of business, or man of the world, he touched the hidden chord of romance in all. No man less affected the poetical, the mysterious, or the sentimental; no man less affected anything; yet, as he stole stiffly away from the knot which, if he had not enlivened, he had hushed, there was not one who did not confess that a being had passed before them who stirred all the pulses of the imagination, and realized what is generally only ideal in the portrait of a man. To this impression there is no doubt that his personal appearance greatly contributed, though too entirely the exponent of his mind to be considered as a separate cause. Endowed with the very highest order of manly beauty, both of feature and expression, he retained the brilliancy of youth and a stately strength of person comparatively unimpaired in ripened life; and then, though sorrow and sickness suddenly brought on a premature old age, which none could witness unmoved, yet the beauty of the head and of the bearing so far gained in melancholy loftiness of expression what they lost in animation, that the last phase, whether to the eye of painter or of anxious friend, seemed always the finest.

As in social intercourse, so in literature, Lockhart was guilty of injustice to his own surpassing powers. With all his passion for letters, with all the ambition for literary fame which burnt in his youthful mind, there was still his shyness, fastidiousness, reserve. No doubt he might have taken a higher place as a poet than by the Spanish Ballads, as a writer of fiction than by his novels. These seem to have been thrown off by a sudden uncontrollable impulse to relieve the mind of its fulness, rather than as works of finished art or mature study. The Ballads first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine; the novels without his name. They were the flashes of a genius which would not be suppressed; no one esteemed them more humbly than Lockhart, or, having once cast them on the world, thought less of their fame. So, too, in his other writings of that period. The ice once broken, the waters went dashing out in irresistible force; his exuberant spirits, his joyous humor, his satiric vigor, his vehement fun, when the

curb was once loosened, ran away with him, he himself could hardly see whither. These outbursts over he retired again within himself. Except in two short, but excellent pieces of biography, written each for a special purpose, and as by command—the *Life of Burns*, yet unsurpassed, and that of *Napoleon*—no book appeared under the name of Lockhart till the *Life of Scott*. This was a work of duty as of love.

Lockhart is only known as a poet (with the exception of one or two clever and happy epigrams which have hooked themselves to the memory of his friends) by his *Spanish Ballads*. Those ballads (the unanswerable proof of excellence in ballads) caught at once, and live in the general ear. They have every characteristic beauty of ballads—life, rapidity, picturesqueness, suddenness, grace, quaintness, simplicity without baldness, energy without effort. We will not vouch for their fidelity to the original poems, but they have a better fidelity to the spirit of the wild, romantic, and chivalrous times, when Moor and Christian met on the borders to fight and make love. They are Spanish to the very heart.

Of his novels, two in their different ways, are of a very high order. Lockhart was a well-read Greek and Latin scholar. He attained the highest classical honors at Oxford, and that rather under the usual age.* *Valerius* contains as much knowledge of its period, and that knowledge as accurate, as would furnish out a long, elaborate German treatise on a martyr and his times. It is as true, as lively, as poetical as Chateaubriand's boasted *Martyrs* is dull, artificial, false. Lockhart did not read up the times to write *Valerius*; but being full, from his enjoyment of the authors, of the times, dashed out *Valerius* boldly, freely, seemingly without study. It is, in our judgment, incomparably the best work of fiction founded on classical manners. Adam Blair was a strange, bold experiment to carry human passion, not, as in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, into the family, but into the very heart of the pious occupant of a Presbyterian manse. The kirk stood aghast. We remember that on the Scotch side of the Tweed clerical countenances looked grave. We remember, also, a true story of a very pious English bishop being

caught in his carriage in a flood of tears; he was reading Adam Blair.

Lockhart was designated at once, for no one else could be, the biographer of Scott. His strength lay in biography; his best papers in the *Quarterly Review* were full and rapid condensations of wide-spun volumes on the lives and works of authors or statesmen. But while his relation and singular qualifications gave him unrivalled advantages for this work, they involved him in no less serious and peculiar difficulties. The history must tell not only the brilliant, joyous dawn and zenith of the poet's fame, but also the dark, sad decline and close. It was not only that Lockhart, as the husband of his daughter—as living in humble and happy Chiefswood with his charming wife (in some respects so like her father), and his promising children, under the shade of aspiring Abbotsford, enjoyed the closest intimacy with Scott, saw him in all his moods, with veneration which could not blind his intuitive keen observation of human character, read his heart of hearts; in some respects there was the most perfect congeniality between the two. In outward manner no men, indeed, could be more different. Scott frank, easy, accessible, the least awful great man ever known, with his arms and his heart open to every one who had any pretension, to many who had no pretension, to be admitted within them, as much at ease with the King as with Adam Purdie. Lockhart, slow at first, retiring, almost repelling, till the thaw of kindly or friendly feelings had warmed and kindled his heart, then, and not till then, the pleasantest of companions. But in tastes, in political principles, in conviviality, in active life, in the enjoyment of Scottish scenery and Scottish sports, in the love of letters for the sake of letters, with a sovereign contempt and aversion for the pedantry of authorship, warm attachments, even the love of brute beasts—in admiration of the past, in the enjoyment of the present, in bright aspirations for the future—there was the closest sympathy, the happiest fellowship. So nothing can be more delightful than the life in Edinburgh, the life on the Border, the life in London; but stern truth, honor, faith with the public, commanded the disclosure of the gloomier evening of this glorious day, the evening of disappointment, embarrassment, noble powers generously overtaxed, breaking down in a death-struggle with the resolute determination to be just, honorable, free.

Lockhart's was a singularly practical understanding; he had remarkable talents for business, and read men with a sharper and more just appreciation than generous Scott. No one could discern more clearly the baselessness of his father-in-law's magnificent schemes, by which his own unrivalled suc-

* Even then his uncontrollable fun would overmaster him. More laborious and less free-spirited youths of his day heard with amazement that the bold young Scotchman, in the very hour of trial, had scrawled over his loose papers with caricatures of the awful examining masters. Other tales could be told of the temptations and occasional lapses of his academic life in this way. He sternly cut off in after-life this kind of gratification of his love of fun; he would not indulge his remarkable talent for caricature drawing.

cesses were to be the ordinary rewards of the book-trade. With a strange chivalrous notion, Scott was to be at once the noblest and most munificent patron of letters, to force good books on an unprepared and reluctant public, and, at the same time, to achieve such riches as had never crossed the imagination of the most fortunate bibliopole. All this error Lockhart had long seen through; and, we are persuaded, that if Scott had thrown his affairs into Lockhart's hands, we will not say that they might have been retrieved, but the blow would have been mitigated; something less might have been necessary than the vital, the fatal wrestling with unconquerable circumstances. But in the *Life* how was this to be told? Too much was known, too much was surmised for suppression or disguise. Lockhart resolved boldly, fairly, to reveal the whole; for Scott's fame we think he judged wisely, even though the book may have been in some degree weighed down. If there were those who suffered by the exposure, we cannot but think they deserved to suffer. All that was sordid and grasping in trading speculation seemed to fall off from the majestic image of Scott; he rose like a hero in the old Greek tragedy, doing battle to the last with destiny, nobler in his sad and tragic end than at the height of his glory. All this must have been in the keen and far-sighted view of Lockhart; and must redound to his praise as a wise, as well as faithful and masterly biographer.

Lockhart was called on to fill, and filled for many years, the very difficult position of the avowed and ostensible editor of that which was long one of the two accredited journals of literature. Here, too, he derived extraordinary advantage, while doubtless he labored under some disadvantage, from his peculiar manners and habit of mind. In the midst of London life it was not amiss that one of the prime ministers of letters should be somewhat unapproachable. About the secrets of his state there was necessarily some mystery, it might be as well some repulsiveness, to keep back the busy and forward—those who are perpetually seeking—if they had dared to do so, pertinaciously soliciting—favors—places for their works—with due amount of praise by the *Review*—places for their own articles in the *Review*. Unhappily, too, in some respects, perhaps happily in others, the two great literary journals at the same time represented the two great political parties. It was war to

the knife, a war deeper than the gashes of the knife, for the pen wounds more acutely, wounds far more noble parts. If Lockhart in this strife did not always control himself, far more often did not control others, put yourself, reader, in his place, arm yourself with his wit, point your lips with his power of sarcasm, give him credit for the honesty of his political principles (right or wrong), for the strength of his political passions. Adversary, it may be! if wounded by that hand, or through that hand, be assured that, if he did you wrong, you yourself have not felt it more deeply than did Lockhart. Remember that you were at war—perhaps you struck first, you or your friends. Whiggism, Liberalism, may be in the ascendant—his Toryism in the decline; but do not do him or yourself the injustice to believe that Lockhart was not an honest, conscientious Tory. Cast your stone, then, not at his fame, but upon his grave, like the warriors of old, who, after mortal combat, on whichever side they were, conspired to do honor to the illustrious dead.

There was one thing which set Lockhart far above common cities; high over every other consideration predominated the general love of letters. Whatever might be the fate of those of more doubtful pretensions (even to the humblest, the lowest of authors, there was one kind of generosity in which Lockhart was never wanting—if his heart was closed, his hand was ever open), yet if any great work of genius appeared, Trojan or Tyrian, it was one to him—his kindred spirit was kindled at once, his admiration and sympathy threw off all trammel. We have known, where he has resisted rebuke, remonstrance, to do justice to the works of political antagonists,—that impartial homage was at once freely, boldly, lavishly paid. We sincerely believe that Lockhart had no greater delight or satisfaction than in conferring well-merited praise, hailing the uprising of any new star, and doing just honor to those whom after ages will recognize as the leaders of letters in our day. Suffice it to add, that no unlovable man could have left a dreary blank in the hearts of so many friends; that he was one whose friendship was more valued the more intimately he was known; that English literature had never a more fervent lover, and that, whatever place may be assigned to him by posterity, none would acquiesce more entirely in that verdict than Lockhart himself.

The Anti-Sabbatarian Defencelessness; or the Sabbath Established upon the ruins of the Objections of its Enemies. By the Reverend J. G. Stewart. Arguments in a series of lectures to show that

the Sabbath was instituted at the creation as a universal moral law binding upon all men; and that the spirit of the Jewish Sabbath was confirmed by Christ, instead of being relaxed, as some of the Anti-Sabbatarians maintain.

From the Examiner, 2 Dec

THE RIFLE.

In his report to the Czar, Prince Menschikoff attributes his repulse on the 5th very much to the English rifle. From General Canrobert's reports of the siege it also appears, that, when the French rifle had got within 300 yards of the batteries of Sebastopol, the Russian Artillerymen were compelled to use iron shutters to the embrasures. Yet hitherto the self-sufficiency of our military men, high and low, has succeeded in preventing the universal employment of this noble weapon, and we cannot suppose that, of the 8,000 great souls who were so faithful and so true to the pride of England on the 5th, so many as 1,000 were armed with it. They who know thoroughly its use and power are quite certain, from the configuration of the ground, and the respective positions of the Russian advance and the English defence, that had every one of our immortal 8,000 been armed with it they would not have lost a single man by the bayonet, nor very many by the musket, while, of those who were neither killed or wounded by shot or shell, probably every man would have disposed of five Russians at the least—indeed of every Russian within his range. No one who knows anything of the battle of New Orleans, no one who has ever seen the Tyrol and knows what the rifle did there, will doubt this.

It takes a little longer to learn the use of the rifle than of the musket, and the soldier who is not so taught it as to become enamored and proud of his weapon, from a conviction of the power that it gives him, will not perhaps learn to appreciate and cherish it until he has seen man after man of his enemies fall before him. The Czar, however, is not going to wait until boards "have reported;" "official forms have been complied with;" or stupid prejudices of routine, precedent, and self-satisfied conceit have been humored and overcome. He, we learn by the news of this week, has lost no time in ordering regiments of Riflemen to be formed at once, and before next summer their balls will be in many an English heart.

Notwithstanding all this there is little prospect of getting the musket utterly discarded and the rifle universally substituted amongst ourselves, unless the will of the public can be evoked in the matter, just as it was regarding the soldiers' clothing, their stocks, the hospital and medical departments, and other shortcomings and abuses which by that means have found remedy.

A military man ought naturally to be the best judge of the best weapon for a soldier's use, and ours would be good ones, we dare say, were they not enthralled by the system to which they belong. How misleading must be the influence of that is clear from considering that the whole object of enlisting, feeding, clothing, and forming a recruit is that he should be able, when called upon, to throw an ounce of lead straight at an enemy from an iron tube, while our "military men" have stood up to the last for giving a soldier a weapon that could not by any possibility enable him to do this, and for rejecting a weapon

that could. It is now to be hoped that the public will at once unmistakably insist upon it, that all our men be every one armed with an excellent rifle with a Swiss or American stock, and taught to shoot with it as the Swiss and Americans do; that the ball be no heavier than thirty-two to the pound; and that this be done as fast as gunsmiths here, in America, and in the Low Countries, can make them. There is no way of achieving this result but by the serious and decided action of the public refusing any excuse or delay, and insisting upon immediate execution.

The English Riflemen of to-day ought to be exactly what his ancestor the English Bowman was of yore. Hear what Froissart says of that terrible weapon, and of those who used it.

The number of Englishmen at the battle of Inkermann was 8,000, and of Russians actually engaged not less than 48,000. These were exactly the relative forces of the French and English at Poitiers, the latter composed of 4,000 Bowmen, 2,000 Knights, and the rest Infantry, who were posted on difficult ground, along a road strong with hedges and stunted bushes, which they lined on both sides with archers, and which was commanded by ground in the rear still more difficult, and impracticable for horse, on which were posted the Knights all on foot, with Archers before them. There was but one opening in the hedge, and only wide enough for four men on horseback. The two Marshals of France advised the King that all the army should attack on foot, except 300 of the best armed Knights, who were rapidly to carry this opening and break in upon the Archers, "*derompre et ouvrir ces Archers*," the rest of the army "*vitement suivre à pied*," and throw itself upon the 4,000 English gendarmes and infantry.

Here, we see, everything depended upon the Archers. Had they been pierced by the charge of cavalry the immense body of the French army would in ten minutes have thrown itself upon the 4,000 English gendarmes and have overwhelmed it. The description that Froissart gives of this attack is remarkable. The two Marshals themselves led it. It never got through the Archers—only a few Knights succeeded. One Marshal was killed, the other wounded, the horses rushed back madly on the infantry coming up, and threw them into confusion, and, to judge from Froissart's words, we should conclude that in a quarter of an hour after this select band of the best chivalry of France, in complete armor got within the range of the English bow, not a dozen of them were alive. For there, he says, were Archers of England "*vites et légers de traire tous ensemble et si épaissement que nul ne se osoit ni pourroit mettre en leur trait*." And in another place, after describing their extraordinary skill, he says, "the French could do nothing against them whatever—had no means of escaping when the division under the Duke of Normandy was brought to a stand-still, which the Archers then slaughtered as fast as they could draw the bow."

Now the rifle is a weapon incalculably more powerful than the bow, skill in its use is infinitely more easy of acquisition, and it can be used by a

weak man just as efficiently as by a strong one. The ground at Inkermann exposed the attack of the Russians in such a manner that not one ball from a rifle could possibly have failed in hitting some one or other. The steady coolness of the English character qualifies them before all other men for its use; and had our illustrious 8,000

been armed with it at Inkermann, and used it as their ancestors did the bow at Poitiers, we leave any one to judge whether they would have given a worse account of the barbarians before them than their ancestors did of the finest and noblest army which France ever set on foot.

From The Morning Chronicle.

GILFILLAN GALLERY.*

THE desire to know something about the habits, peculiarities, and tastes of remarkable men, is one of the most strongly-marked features of the present day. It has given occasion to an extraordinary amount of writing in our periodical literature, in which the literary standard of our modern authors is affected to be measured with mathematical precision, and the place which they are destined to occupy in the regard of posterity, settled with the air of infallibility. For the most part there is mixed up with this an attempt, more or less ambitious, to convey to the reader some notion of the personal qualities and habits of the victim thus fixed upon by the reviewer; and it is well if some innocent peculiarity, or some personal infirmity, be not held up to the hard and unfeeling gaze of the public.

We know no one who has taken more advantage of this semi-morbid feeling on the part of the public than the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, the author of the volume before us. The work, as intimated in the title-page, is the "third" collection of portraits with which he has favored the public—a third volume of reviews of distinguished men—all, or nearly all, according to the author's view, of real genius; and each of the three volumes containing sketches of from thirty to forty of such prodigies. Our first thought is that of glad surprise that our country and age should be so lavishly endowed with intellectual wealth; our next, that, as Goldsmith says, "one small hand should be able to classify these multifarious and diversified geniuses, and to assign each with unerring decision to his proper place in the temple of fame;" and yet not with a precision quite unerring, for the author candidly admits, in his preface to this "third gallery," that he has been led to modify his former opinions with regard to some of his intellectual giants; and that, while he does not wish to recall the praises he formerly accorded to them, he has, in this his last volume, recorded his latest and most deliberate judgment, and begs his readers to believe that here at last they have his solemnly settled convictions. On further examination we find that these modified opinions refer chiefly to the sceptical writers of the age—to Carlyle in this country, and Emerson in America. Those who were familiar with the abject adulation with which Mr. Gilfillan in former times regarded Mr.

Carlyle, will be indeed surprised—if anything in Mr. Gilfillan's writings could surprise them—at the contemptuous tone of superiority which he assumes towards him now. Some change in this respect was, assuredly, required. But why such an extreme revulsion of tone? Mr. Gilfillan can now see no merit in Mr. Carlyle's writings, though but a short time ago he was "his guide, philosopher, and friend." There has been no change in Mr. Carlyle. What has wrought the change in Mr. Gilfillan? Probably few persons would have troubled themselves to ask these questions, had not Mr. Gilfillan awakened suspicion by furnishing, unasked, an answer. He assures his readers that "this change has repeatedly been charged against him, and ascribed to motives of a personal and unworthy kind. Such motives he distinctly and strongly disclaims." As he has referred to the charges in this enigmatical manner, we may as well mention that the only unworthy motive we ever heard ascribed to him is, that his change of opinion was commensurate with the discovery that, though he regarded Mr. Carlyle as the first of human beings, that gentleman was not quite disposed to regard Mr. Gilfillan as the second. Such blindness to merit of course proved that Mr. Carlyle did not deserve his preeminence.

For the rest, Mr. Gilfillan's style of criticism is peculiar, and, so far as we know, unique—indisputably attesting his claims, as a writer, to originality. Has he to deal with an author of established reputation, whose writings are popular, whose name has become a household word? Mr. Gilfillan sets to work to prove, by the most irrefragable arguments, that the popular estimation is altogether wrong, that his style is tawdry, that his thoughts are mean and superficial. This at once establishes the superiority of the critic, and shows that he is qualified for his task by a more piercing discernment than falls to the lot of other men. Should any envious detractor say that this facility in finding fault is no test of critical ability, our author has his reply ready: He can discern excellences, too; but his praises, like his censures, are distributed in quarters where no one but himself would ever expect to find them. Is there an obscure country clergyman, who has ventured before the public with a volume of sermons "published by particular desire," or an ambitious youth, who has occupied his leisure moments in stringing rhymes together, and has timidly committed them to the press—in either case they are sure of a patron in Mr. Gilfillan; who forthwith proceeds, in his own peculiar style, to point out latent beauties, which infallibly be-

* A Third Gallery of Portraits. By George Gilfillan, Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge.

tray the secret and unconscious workings of dawning genius. Thus, in whatever light we view this eminent critic — whether he distribute praise or blame — he is, in either case, entitled to all the merits of original discovery. It would be needless to cite passages in proof of these remarks. Those who will take the trouble to read his sketches of Macaulay, Jeffrey, Hallam, etc., on the one side, or of Jameson or Methven (?), or the "cluster of modern poets," will, in his own eloquent language, at once "see what we mean."

It is fair to add that this volume, like its predecessors, is a republication of articles which have already appeared in sundry periodicals. Indeed, we know no author who is more prolific than Mr. Gilfillan. There is scarcely one of our third or fourth rate magazines which cannot boast of him as a frequent contributor; and his writings may at any time be distinguished by their personalities, their inflated style, their ludicrous confusion of metaphor, and, above all, by the constant references to himself which abound in them all, and which are generally distributed in the proportion of about two-thirds Gilfillan to one-third of the subject more immediately in hand. It would appear from the preface, that Mr. Gilfillan begins to think his time is wasted in the penning of these lucubrations. He assures his friends that it is solely owing to the demand which there is for his writings, and to the unfortunate infirmity he labors under in being unable to say "No" to the editors who are eagerly competing for his favor. But, he intimates, there may come a time when he will give the world a book of higher pretensions, and of more lasting fame, on a subject which he has long been meditating. It is kind in our author thus to announce, beforehand, how earnestly he is laboring for the benefit of the public. So much benevolence of intention ought to meet with a return; and we think we may venture, on the part of the public, to entreat him by no means to hurry forward his new work. The public will wait for it with praiseworthy equanimity.

From the Examiner.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.*

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blunder'd.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns," Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
No man was there dismay'd,

* Written after reading the first report of the 'Times' correspondent, where only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken part in the charge.

Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare
Flash'd all at once in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

A. T.

The Blue Ribbons; A Story of the Last Century.
By Anna Harriet Drury, Authoress of "Friends and Fortune," &c. Illustrated by Birket Foster.

A very charming tale of French peasant life under the old régime; in which virtuous misfortune, persecuted by a Bailli's deputy too foolish to rise to wickedness, is defended and relieved by Marie Antoinette. Novelty is given to the old idea of a sovereign whose rank is unknown getting acquainted in person with the true merits of a case, by making the Queen appear to be a fairy to a boyish devourer of fairy tales, as well as by the appropriateness of the incidents. The lightness and gaiety of the court are well hit off by Miss Drury, with an indication of deeper things. She also sees that a peasant boy is in danger of being spoiled by so much notice as falls to the lot of Alexis, and guards against it in the tale.

From the Examiner, 2 Dec.

M. KOSSUTH ON THE WAR.

M. KOSSUTH has made certainly a powerful and telling speech upon the war. We should have been greatly surprised if he had not. No man possesses so many advantages, or occupies so independent an attitude, for criticism. Like the Irishman at the fair, he has but to hit all around him. He has no one to conciliate or respect. He need not fear to discourage a general in command by too severe disparagement, or to shake a minister in power by too rudely exposing his policy. No such difficulties or obstacles stand in M. Kossuth's way. It is pretty clear to most people that our great hope of success in humbling Russia consists in firmly maintaining our close alliance with France, and that honestly to maintain and rivet this alliance we must assent without cavil or reserve to the form of government and conditions of rule under which the French people themselves consent to live. But what is all that to M. Kossuth? He may consent, in decency, to keep a civil tongue in his head, but the tendency of his reasoning is not to be suppressed or covered up. If we have really at heart the great object of liberating Europe, he would have us straightway drop the alliance of Louis Napoleon, and hold the hand out to Ledru Rollin as the preferable ruler of France. For this we are not quite prepared.

Of course we know, and every one knows, that there were two ways of carrying on the present war, the one by means of the regular armies of the reigning dynasties, and the other by encouraging and subsidizing revolutionary outbreaks throughout Europe, especially in those portions of it adjoining the Russian empire, or already absorbed therein. There is a great deal to be said, no doubt, in favor of this latter method of carrying on the war, and no one can say it with such eloquence and force as M. Kossuth; though even here, we think, he prefers to promulgate his views in the form that is least practical. While men of all parties, for example, are beginning to regard the question of the reconstruction of Poland as one of sober and well-considered statesmanship, M. Kossuth does his best, by the conditions with which he would surround it, to drive it back into the limbo of mere wild revolutionary projects. The question is not one of democracy, but of international law; and M. Kossuth will be doing the work of the Emperor Nicholas if he persuades the European public that it is the form of government to be established in Poland, and not its national existence, which is the point in dispute.

But to whichever of the two modes of waging war with Russia men may incline, the possibility of adopting both ways at once would

at least seem to be tolerably certain. If we are to appeal to nationalities and arouse populations, a continual cordial alliance with the present government of France is scarcely to be hoped for, and the alliance of such a government as that of Austria is certainly unattainable. It is easy to say, Set aside such alliances as unworthy, set at nought the demands and the prejudices of all powers and governments that are despotic. Such powers, however, being essentially military, and compelled to have some hand in what is going on if they would in any degree maintain respect and influence, must ultimately be against us, if they are not with us; and we best provide against the former contingency by sacrificing no fair means of honestly averting it. Without scruple we have all along freely blamed in this journal the policy adopted towards Austria, because it has obstructed our own game and played hers exclusively; because we have felt that in waiting for her promised assistance we were wasting time, than which there is nothing so valuable in war; but we have as little been disposed to undervalue the importance of her help, if it could be worthily obtained, as to feel any undue dread of her antagonism, once openly declared. Our anticipations have unfortunately been hitherto realized to the letter. Still we believe that the country would not have been satisfied if the attempt to conciliate Austria had not been made. There was a belief prevalent (how produced it is not now the moment to inquire), that the young Emperor, notwithstanding his ambiguous conduct towards the Hungarians, had the soul of chivalry and honor. A sounder opinion is now entertained. The monarch who has looked quietly on whilst such a contest was raging in the Crimea, must be content for the future to resign all claims to military distinction. And Englishmen are beginning to ask themselves the question whether the chance of receiving, at some indefinite future period, Austrian assistance, is really worth the mighty price that we have paid for it.

Not sharing M. Kossuth's opinions generally, we should have the less hesitation in declaring in what particular respect we can agree and sympathize with him. We entertain, then, as matters stand, pretty much the same opinion as he does of the good faith of Austria and the high spirit of Prussia, and to about the same extent we are inclined to acquiesce in the policy and the principles of MM. Buol and Manteuffel. If we would hesitate before joining in any such attempt to arouse the down-trodden nationalities as would engage us in honor not to lay down arms till we had completely revolutionized Europe, with yet more reluctance would we join the despotic governments in any stipulations to abet the tyrannical coercion of their subjects, or to

assist in the more effectual oppression of half-subdued and irreconcilable provinces. Whatever may be her own straits or necessities, England cannot now form one in any resuscitated Holy Alliance, or join or become party to any leagues, open or secret, entered into by kings against peoples. We may not favor, nay, we may strongly discountenance, any attempted risings in Hungary or in Lombardy, as likely to be just now fatal to freedom itself; but we can make no fresh guarantee of Lombardy to the Emperor Ferdinand, or of Hungary to the House of Hapsburg. Yet no less than this, it is reported, is what Austria now demands as the price of continuing true to the Western alliance. Russia offered such a guarantee, it is asserted, when through Count Orloff she made the demand of Austrian neutrality, and Austria can be satisfied with no less a recompense for her alliance with the Western powers. The demand is hardly credible excepting as a fresh proof of bad faith. For what British Minister in his senses could be expected to consent to a guarantee, which, once made known throughout England, would raise such a storm both in and out of Parliament that there is no conceivable administration which would not at once founder amidst its violence?

Certain it is, however, whether or not by way of encouraging Austria to make unreasonable demands, that Russia has chosen this moment to come forward with a preposterous show of moderation, with a new colorable offer to accept the Four Points, with a fresh proposal to negotiate upon them! Of course we need not say that not one even of the four points is really or sincerely accepted. One of them stipulated for No Protectorate, and Russia substitutes a joint protectorate. Another provided for the independence of the Principalities, with the withdrawal of the Treaty of Balta-Liman, yet Russia claims to maintain that treaty. A third was the throwing open of the Black Sea, and the abrogation of the convention which closes it, in place of which Russia merely offers a revision of the Treaty of 1841. The trick is transparent; and though it may suit Prussia and Austria to be deceived by it, England and France continue happily in the firm belief that the solution of the great matter now in hand, to be honorable and lasting, must be wrought out by arms, and not by diplomacy.

In this view it is satisfactory to observe that the new officers were not despatched from St. Petersburg until the particulars of the grand attack of Inkermann were known to the Czar, and his sons had closed their brief campaign in the Crimea, hopeless of any further harvest of glory. An army does not risk a second time the loss of 15,000 men; and the fall of Sebastopol, sooner or later, was sealed on that

day of heroic resistance. When we see the Russian Court thus suddenly demanding peace even upon a pretence of the conditions which it formerly spurned, we are less disposed to admit with M. Kossuth that the originators and commanders of the Crimean expedition have ill deserved of their country. The going to Sebastopol so late, and with insufficient forces, may be justly open to criticism; but it is now clear that if anything important was to be achieved in the campaign, it was this exclusively, for Omar Pasha was not prepared for an advance on Bessarabia, neither had we the cavalry, or the means of transport, necessary to give other immediate direction to the war.

The question, therefore, lay between the expedition to the Crimea, or continuing mere inactive victims of disease at Varna; and notwithstanding our losses, no one will hesitate as to which was preferable. Apart from the expediency of the enterprise, however, M. Kossuth criticises the conduct of it. He makes it a reproach to Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, that they did not attack the northern forts. Now to this the answer is, that without the active co-operation of the shipping, which was rendered impossible by sinking the vessels across the harbor, the siege of the northern forts would have occupied some weeks; and at the close we should have found 60,000 Russians not at Inkermann or behind the earthworks of Sebastopol, but entrenched on the very positions which we now hold, and which we could not then have taken. In such circumstances we could not ever have hoped to lay siege to the place. To have cannonaded it from the north would have been idle, and nothing would have been left for us but to embark *re infecta*. Who will doubt, then, that we have managed matters at least much better than if we had entrusted them to M. Kossuth? We have achieved great moral as well as military victories, we have established British and French prowess not simply in a glorious, but in a powerful and useful pre-eminence. We have committed some mistakes both of policy and of strategy, but we are assuredly wiser as well as greater than when we entered upon this war; and the Czar himself has just given a potent and significant sign how formidable he believes us at this moment to be.

The Battle of Alma, and its Incidents. By an Officer.

Verses which owe any interest they may possess to their theme rather than to themselves. There is some novelty of treatment arising from the manner in which the "Officer" distributes the subject into features,—the advance, the position, the battle, the retreat. There are copious notes, and returns of the killed and wounded.